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THE TOAST IS ANZAC!

**Sultan of Johore
entertains A.I.F.**



THIS HISTORIC PICTURE was taken by Bill Brindie, Australian Women's Weekly special cameraman in Malaya, when the Sultan of Johore entertained a party of Diggers at his official palace and later at his own club, the Royal International Club of Johore. Judging by the expressions on the boys' faces they certainly enjoyed themselves. At the official palace, Istanc Bezar, the boys were enthralled with the splendor of the rooms and the magnificent furnishings. When it was time to leave the lads turned on a real Australian "tiger" cheer, and his Highness grabbed a Digger hat and cheered with them.



THE SULTAN and his wife, Lady Ibrahim (centre back), posed with a group of Australians on the steps of the official palace. The Sultan is wearing the uniform of a Major-General.

Put yourself
in this scene...

Perfect romance does not belong to fiction only, it can be the experience of every girl—if she but understands the art of fascination and how to appear well-groomed. But one thing all men admire is a soft, adorable complexion. In this, Erasmic Face Powder can add that smooth, pearl-like lustre. Delicate as a butterfly's wing, Erasmic clings closely and evenly—its haunting fragrance surrounding the wearer with a suggestion of unforgettable charm.

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E.10.27



AT PALACE GATES the Sultan receives salute from one of bodyguard.

THE TUNKHU MAHKOTA or Crown Prince (wearing white suit) shows the boys his private zoo.

Music with a Message

Humorous short story of a dance band leader who tried to turn highbrow.

by

RICHARD ENGLISH

Illustrated by WEP

ON a certain autumn day Miss Lovey La Marr, the celebrated bubble dancer, sent off wires that resulted in some very odd characters suddenly appearing in Chicago.

Lovey was well and favorably known as a very pretty lady who liked her music slick and modern and the news that she had discovered a fifth column in the very heart of the swing industry was something to send the nation's outstanding musicians scurrying to the Windy City.

On arrival the batons hurried to Miss La Marr's hotel. They were just going into session when Mr. Fats Harrison, the dean of hot trombones, came puffing into the scene. He was a large, portly party fresh from Seattle, and had made the last lap by car, his plane having been forced down in Minneapolis.

He nodded to the assembled brethren and shook hands with Miss La Marr. Lovey had very nice hair and eyes, and came equipped with those curves that lend so much charm to a bubble-dance recital.

She was very much the artist, and, as such, she had that quiet dignity of a young lady who has always kept her art on a high plane. Today, however, she was greatly upset and Mr. Harrison dispensed with the formalities.

"What goes on?" he demanded. "What's this about our being with crises?"

Lovey gazed at him one long moment, and then went over and bolted the door. The boys exchanged apprehensive looks. Mr. Frosty Moore, that small and successful clarinet, who had come by cab from Detroit, glanced nervously over his shoulder.

"Look, Lovey," he said fretfully, "let's skip this G-man stuff. I'm upset enough just being in Chicago."

"You're upset already?" said Lovey. "Wait till you hear the lyrics!"

There was a very loud silence.

"It's Prof," she said finally. "He—he's getting married Saturday."

Mr. Prof Bennett had long been a legend in the profession. His small dance band was a landmark in the swing business and Prof's horn-rimmed glasses framed a solemn, scholarly face that was greatly revered among the jitterbugs. He had such a hot lip that when he was really in the groove even his glasses steamed up.

The trade's respect for his ability as a ride trumpet was only exceeded by its awe at his being with brains. He was always reading newspapers and things, and he had that brooding look that comes of being a thinker.

IN spite of all this, the boys now exchanged exceedingly cold glances.

"Look, baby," said Mr. Fats Harrison, "if you think I came all the way from Seattle just to hold your hand while Prof's getting married—"

Color flared in Lovey's cheeks. It was a well-known fact that for several seasons Miss La Marr and Prof Bennett had been right on the verge of taking that trip down the aisle themselves. Then something had happened and they were doing a single again. It had been remarked that some of Prof's heaviest thinking dated from that day. Where he had been content with just magazines before he had taken to carrying large, ominous books dealing with capitalism and the sorry fate of the masses.

Lovey was every inch the lady. "I wouldn't have Prof on toast," she said quietly. "It's—it's just that I don't want to see him making a fool of himself. Not when he'll kill off the whole swing business at the same time!"

The boys stared at her, suddenly apprehensive. It was Frosty Moore who bespoke their growing uneasiness: "You mean Prof's taking a powder?"

"Certainly!" she said bitterly. "He's already given up his band."

He's going in for that music-with-a-message stuff."

There was a stunned silence. Finally Fats Harrison shook his head. "That don't add up to me," he said slowly. "Not unless he has suddenly become a silent drinker."

It was far worse than that, said Lovey. Since Prof had been back in Chi he had met up with an intellectual cello, a Miss Vera Block. Pretty soon he was engaged to her and meeting all her friends who took him to lectures and study groups and things. Anyone but a

trumpet could have told they were slightly left wing on first sight.

But not Prof. He had always been a soft touch for the uplift trade, and the first thing you knew he was breaking up his old band and forming a salon group. He had become convinced that swing was on its way out. It seemed it didn't have any significance.

For a moment the boys were speechless. To find that Prof Bennett, the idol of the jitterbugs, was about to go all arty was just too much. If he were to start giving

out to the Press that you didn't have to swing because it didn't mean a thing—

"Why, he's a menace to the whole band business!" Mr. Fats Harrison said bitterly. "That kind of publicity would put us all out of work!"

"I know," said Lovey, trying to keep her voice very steady. "If he wasn't marrying this lady cello he might get over it, Fats. But as it is—"

Mr. Miff Dowdey, the prominent tenor-sax man, nodded. From bitter experience he knew that once a man succumbed to that "Lohengrin" lockstep he would remain a dead duck. "We had better check into this at once," he said. "Where do we find Prof?"

She listlessly indicated a newspaper on her bed. According to an item therein, Mr. Bennett and his charming bride-to-be were to be guests at a garden party given by the Musicians' Cultural League the following afternoon. A feature of the party would be the unveiling of a new salon group, an event that the local musical world awaited with rapt interest.

Mr. Fats Harrison glanced at his colleagues. "This makes it very simple, boys," he said. "We will just happen by and see what gives."

One of the long-hairs had donated the garden of his home as the setting for the pre-nuptial party where the boys showed the next afternoon. There was an artistic person at the door who regarded these strange callers with their checked suits and derbies very coldly indeed.

"I'm afraid there's been some mistake," he said distantly. "This affair is by invitation only."

Mr. Fats Harrison shook his head. "Not for us, sweetheart," he said. "We're Mr. Bennett's ushers. Which way do we go?"

A sudden swell of music from the garden supplied their cue. It was strictly salon stuff and they finally recognised it as the Flight of the Bumble Bee. Then Prof's trumpet was in there, lightly and politely, and as one man they surged through the door.

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The musicians and Lovey were flinging themselves with increasing zest into the number when the police arrived.

Snake's HEART

Intriguing and unusual mystery story of a strange bargain made by two very keen art collectors.

LIKE all detectives, John Drexell hated talking about his work outside Scotland Yard, but there were times when he had to—as now. He sat facing his nephew with a tired, worried frown, mechanically puffing his empty pipe.

"Well—I'll tell you," he said at length. "She's staying with friends of ours till she recovers, and you'll probably meet her. You must be very careful when you do, because her father's been murdered."

"Mur-murdered?" queried young Anthony.

"Poisoned. Wilfully and maliciously poisoned. We've only just finished the case. Of course you only got back from America this afternoon and haven't seen the papers. Hearing everybody talk about 'that poor girl,' and what she's been through, is irritating when you've never even heard of Miss Blissett, so I'll give you the whole story."

Carefully filling, then lighting, his pipe, John Drexell sat back and blew a jet of smoke towards the ceiling.

"Ever heard of the Pink Statues?" he began. "You've probably seen pictures of them without bothering to look at them. There are only two of them in the world, and they're famous. Statuettes they are really, about seven inches high, carved out of a precious and curious rose-colored crystal that gives them the appearance of flesh."

"One's a young man with the body of a Greek wrestler and the fire of life in his nostrils; the other's a beautiful, subtly-curved, appealing woman. They're both so exquisitely carved in every detail you wait for them to move. Sounds ridiculous, doesn't it? But the sculptor's imprisoned life in their limbs."

"They've got a history, of course: originally they were commissioned by an Indian Rajah from a Burmese sculptor. When they were completed the prince entertained him with Oriental magnificence, gave him a banquet that lasted for hours, then secretly strangled him to keep his work unique. At the fall of Fyzabad, when the troops of the East India Company sacked it, they came into the possession of Warren Hastings."

"How they eventually came on the market isn't known. They got separated somehow, and 'the man' came into the possession of a wealthy collector named Neidlesohn. He heard about the other statue, of course, 'the woman,' and set agents scouring the art world to find it. Lots of people dabble in antiques in these days, but there are only a few recognised authorities."

"Mr. Blissett was one of them, and he had the other statuette in a cabinet in his private room behind his shop in St. James'."

He was a tubby, complacent, bullet-headed little man, with a pair of shrewd, twinkling eyes behind his pince-nez, wrapped up in his daughter and his trade, and not quite so flabby as he looked. He was never so proud as when showing his customers some rare treasures he'd kept and refused to sell.

"Among them was the rose-crystal woman. Try as he would, offer what he might, Mr. Neidlesohn couldn't induce Blissett to part with it."

He even tried to get Blissett's daughter on his side, one time she happened to be passing through the room on her way to town. Aimably, but stubbornly, Blissett refused point blank to sell.

"Some of Neidlesohn's enthusiasm for the pair spread to Blissett. He wanted them, too, but Neidlesohn wouldn't sell, of course. Neither man would give way."

"Finally each decided to leave the other the statuette he possessed in his will. It was said jokingly at first, a bit of Blissett's sly banter, for he was some years younger; but it was one of those jokes that begin in fun and end in earnest."

"That's a bargain, then," said Neidlesohn, and that ended the matter. Also it laid the foundation of their friendship. Nothing binds two people more strongly than the same interests, and once or twice a month they dined together; sometimes Blissett going down to Kingswood, or Neidlesohn coming up to Blissett's more homely place at Streatham."

"That's the beginning to the story," said Drexell. "Now for the ghastly end. One evening Blissett went down on one of his usual visits to dine at Kingswood. He seldom took his daughter on these trips because Neidlesohn, being a bachelor, preferred men's company, and often they talked business. Blissett hadn't been very well recently, he had laryngitis, but Neidlesohn put him on to a specialist who patched him up well enough to keep his engagement."

"The Grange was an old-fashioned house, with some priceless panelling Neidlesohn wouldn't have disturbed to put in electric light, and most of the rooms were lit by gas. There were four of them at dinner that night, including two men, neighbors of Neidlesohn's, to make up the bridge table. The dinner was plain but very good; Blissett drank hock in preference to champagne, and ate sparingly, save for two helpings of his favorite dish, cheese soufflé. He never drank coffee, but he took a cigar with the others and lit it. After about the third draw, he put it down."

"Your tobacco's strong to-night," he said to Neidlesohn, "or I was too liberal with it on the soufflé. It's spoilt my cigar. I'll wait a bit."

NEIDLESOHN sent for some iced water, but they'd hardly commenced bridge before Blissett suggested their playing 'dummy' as he had a touch of giddiness. He sat by an open window for a bit, then, as it didn't pass off and he felt his lips beginning to tingle, he begged to be excused and said he would go home. Neidlesohn was most concerned, of course, and insisted on sending him back in his car.

"On the journey apparently he got worse; the prickling sensations spread to his limbs and he felt very nauseated. Also a numbness crept over his mouth and speech was difficult. When they carried him out of the car he complained of his stomach, and that confounded

tabasco, so they propped him up with pillows because of his labored breathing and phoned for his doctor."

"But, to their horror, Blissett was dead before he came."

"Naturally, there was an inquest. The vomiting, the abdominal pain, the cold, clammy skin, and the feebleness suggested food poisoning. Neidlesohn was obviously distressed. The remains of the caviare, boiled turbot, pheasant, and cheese soufflé were analysed. Not a trace of anything wrong was found, and none of the other three had even a headache."

"The inquest revealed little but trivialities, like the gas being put out and immediately re-lit because some air had got in the pipe and it was spluttering. Also Blissett's partiality for cheese soufflé; Neidlesohn had ordered it specially. But Miss Blissett's secret engagement to

Illustrated
by
Wynne W. Davies

young Leghorne, in the Bank of England, came out. Apparently her father disapproved of the attachment, because Leghorne was only a junior clerk. While his daughter was dependent on him he expected to have some say in her future. Hence the secrecy. She could do as she liked when he was gone."

"When the inquest was adjourned, I took over the case. Although the evidence of poisoning consists mainly of symptoms, none of these is a monopoly of poisons. With our minds focused on food poisoning, we'd overlooked Blissett's state of health at the time."

"As Neidlesohn reminded us, he wasn't really well when he went to Kingswood that night; he'd had laryngitis. Now one of the latest cures for laryngitis is one-drop doses of aconite taken every half-hour. It is one drop of the tincture of aconite which is taken, and the number of doses depends upon his action and must be regulated by a doctor. A gland ex-

tract is also employed—adrenalin in a solution of one in a thousand. This is applied locally by means of a spray, but expert supervision is necessary. When I heard this was the treatment prescribed by the specialist, my mind half-dreaded and half-expected what we should find. The post-mortem tests showed great redness of the stomach. That might be the tabasco, of course. But the prickling sensations—pepper doesn't do that. Not even too much tabasco. The tingling of the lips, then the limbs, pointed to a more deadly cause—aconite."

"For a moment the case was as clear as crystal. Like a foxhound stumbling on the scent, my mind raced to an ugly conclusion—only to find an uglier fact. Twenty-five drops are the minimum lethal dose of the tincture of aconite. Blissett's

Amiably, but stubbornly, Blissett refused point blank to sell the rose-crystal statuette to Mr. Neidlesohn.

bottle showed he had only taken eight.

"That small fact exploded my theory. Blissett's death wasn't suicide or death by misadventure. He'd been wilfully and maliciously poisoned."

"By whom?" Slander said Miss Blissett had both opportunity and motive. Young Leghorne was the only serious difference she'd had with her father; she could do as she liked when he was gone. The old man's words came back with sinister meaning. Suspicion spreads like fire and does more damage. Life became difficult, then unbearable. For Miss Blissett, she was followed, taunted, insulted, and threatened. We could do nothing to arrest or protect her because there was no evidence to justify a move in any direction. All at once she did the most natural and foolish thing. She ran away."

"And again Neidlesohn helped us. Under pledge of secrecy she wrote imploring him to help her clear away the threatening clouds, and realising the folly of her action, no doubt, he gave us her letter."

"But bringing her back didn't help. She was too distracted to be of any use, and we were as much in the dark as before. Then I went down to Kingswood with Morrissey to see if Neidlesohn could tell us anything fresh. And it was suddenly, while the three of us were sitting round the table in the dining-room, going over the incidents of that night, that I made an interesting discovery. I was tilting back in my chair, with one hand clutching the edge of the table."

"Now, most round tables are inclined to be rickety. This one was as firm as a rock. I glanced down and saw the carved legs were held firmly in position between two un-

obtrusive wooden supports clamped to the floor."

"When I looked up again Neidlesohn was looking straight at and through me. I felt like a small boy caught at the larder."

"That's to keep it right under the chandelier," he volunteered. "Servants have a knack of setting things just out of place. I got so tired of having it moved to dead centre each evening that I had it clamped. I like to see what I am eating," and he smiled."

"I made some remark and glanced upwards. Then the incident of the gas came into my head."

"It was a beautiful chandelier, the kind of thing you see in state apartments, with the centre and four branches covered with cylindrical 'icicle' lustres, and perfect, so far as I could see. The reason for Neidlesohn's fastidiousness was plain, because the table was so accurately 'centred' that each branch quartered it."

"Where was Blissett sitting?" I asked.

"Where you are now," Morrissey told me.

"At the inquest, Mr. Neidlesohn, I said, 'something was said about the gas going out. You put it out deliberately I understand. Why?'"

"It was nothing, really," he explained pleasantly. "These gas pipes are old, I'm afraid, and want cleaning. The jets weren't burning very well. Two or three times they spluttered during dinner, and someone remarked on it. Poor Blissett, probably, I forget. One of my servants must have interfered with the air shutter when cleaning the lustres. Unconsciously touched it, letting in a little air. It's happened before. I simply turned the gas out and relit it. It was while the butler had gone for the coffee."

Please turn to page 8



By Barnard Stacey



Forgetting Mrs. Strafford's haughty looks, Kitty was chatting easily with Mr. Kennett.

Continuing
Our
Serial ...

KITTY FOYLE

WHO'S WHO in the Story

KITTY herself. She tells of her life, from her early childhood in their humble Philadelphia home, with POP, her adored father, and MYRTLE, the faithful colored servant. Later, she stayed in Illinois with

UNCLE ELMER and AUNT HATTIE, who sent her to High School, where she formed a lifelong friendship with

MOLLY SCHARF. Because Pop has a stroke, Kitty comes back home to look after him instead of entering college, making friends on the way home with

DELPHINE DETAILLE, clever French beauty expert. She studies at a business college and it is then that she meets

WYNNEWOOD STRAFFORD ("Wyn"), son and heir of one of Philadelphia's most exclusive families, and the two fall deeply in love. Wyn tries to launch a new magazine, with Kitty as his secretary, but it fails hopelessly, as also does Wyn's attempt to introduce Kitty into his family circle.

Now read on.

IDIDN'T see so much of Wyn for a while. That was partly because I told him I better build up some conscientiousness at home, and also I dare say his family were working on him and maybe he promised he'd try to shake me out of his system. He never said so, but that's my hunch.

The problem was, the old man kept asking why Wyn didn't come to see him. That put me on a spot but it was Pop I was thinking of most, so I wrote Wyn a note and told him what the old man said. He called up and said he'd come on Friday. It

Desperately torn between her love and pride, Kitty takes a brave and defiant stand in the face of a momentous decision.

would be like that, Friday was my birthday, of course he didn't know. I made up my mind that when he came I'd go out to the movies so's he could concentrate on Pop; but it seemed tough to be chased out of my own home on my birthday by the man I loved.

I made Pop and Myrtle promise not to tell, and I went and sat through some pictures, but they were pretty blurred. It didn't strike me till afterwards that Wyn would think I did it just to be difficult.

I suppose if you always knew what everybody was going to think about everything life would lose its savor.

But there were a few weeks in there somewhere that had a feeling of peacefulness. They were just kidding, I guess. What I mean, I was so happy doing for the old man; it was cold winter and the house was warm and packed tight with familiar habits. When Pop got tired of talking or reading he liked to sit by himself in the Front Room and Myrtle and I had grand talks in the kitchen.

There's something about an ironing-board that makes you say things. I doubt there ever was a household got so well ironed up, nightgowns and curtains and bedlinen and Pop's Sunday pants, everything I could lay hands on because it was good to spill things to Myrtle. Next after Molly she's the best conversation for a woman.

Something, maybe seeing the old

Manitou crowd again, put me in a longing for education. When Pop heard the typewriter going I was likely copying out bits from the freshman textbooks I had bought and not used. I wished I knew some Abbe Constantin who would tell me the answers. Myrtle was as near as I ever found one. I guess, "When you're pushing the iron to and fro you're not embarrassed to ask questions."

I said: "How am I going to learn

about things that are beautiful? I don't think those

Manitou kids are really getting it in college. They're too young, too well fed, too secure. Can I learn it in books? Or newspapers?"

What I wanted to hear Myrtle or somebody say was "You can learn it all from Wyn. He's beauty itself; he's truth and kindness and everything lovely. You worship him, and you should."

"Dat's what I calls beautiful," said Myrtle, taking a pun of beaten biscuits out of the oven. "Dat make me feel good."

A funny little thing happened. Somebody at the Library gave me a ticket to go to a lecture at a Club over in German town. There were a lot of dames hopped up with culture

and good grammar and nowhere to park it between 3 and 5 p.m. I could tell by the way they chirped and rustled they were all set for a big shot of high-pressure literature. What shocked them was, the lecturer talked just like he might to a crowd of men, as though they had a sense of humor. First thing they knew, they were laughing, and they hated it. They hadn't come here to laugh and it threw them off balance.

I heard them afterwards saying it was an insult to a club like that to come there and just be jocular. What they didn't get, and it made me so sore I wanted to shout out about it, in between laughs that man was in savage earnest, he was really trying to tell them things. He was feeding them laughs to shake up their opinions. I guess it's risky to tell people anything except the way they count on hearing it.

"Listen, Babygirl," Wyn said one time, "you weren't put here to reform the world."

I asked Myrtle was she ever in love. "Maybe not, honey, not the way you mean. Anyhow, not to make

at Rittenhouse Square and I couldn't hurt him by ducking it. He said this would be different from the house-party when he took me out to stay with his folks at Darby Mill. It was, it was lovely. It was just family and a few old friends.

They had me at Mr. Strafford's right, and Wyn was across the table next to his sister who is just as darling as he is. There must be something to Englishmen because she married one of them, but he was killed in the war.

Opposite me was Mrs. Strafford, queenly, but terribly haughty some of the times I caught her eyeing me. On my right was Mr. Kennett, a perfectly delightful old Quaker who called me three and started to talk about music. There was a Russian musician there and his wife; he played the violin after dinner and his wife was at the piano.

I never talked to anybody who got more out of me than old Mr. Kennett. I guess you just can't resist it when they say thee. Naturally I was nervous and made a bad start, I said my favorite tune was that theme song that starts the yeast programme on the radio because it put Pop in a good humor for his supper. But the Russian came to my rescue, he made me hum it and then said it was a phrase from an old Russian balalaika or something.

We got on to Pop's Irish melodies, and college in Manitou, and business school, and before I knew where I was, forgetting Mrs. Strafford's haughty looks, I was chatting easily with Mr. Kennett and Mr. Strafford.

I didn't realise that the old Friend was maybe pumping me to see what kind of a girl I was. I thought afterwards he was probably a kind of spiritual adviser for the Strafford family, they confided their anxiety about Wyn's feelings and he was put there to get my number.

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By Christopher Morley

Illustrated by JOHN SANTRY

me mizzable. Pears to me, cullud folks ain't love the way white folk is. The only real misdeemeanor in our family is when my ole man cut his wrist off wid a sickle. He was sicklin' on a grasspatch while he had hiccups. A big hiccup throwed him forward just as the sickle was comin' up at him an' he like to amputate himself. All the grip in that hand is clean paralysed. I tell him it's lucky it ain't the hand he use for drinkin'. Oh dat's a long while ago, it heal up nice."

Come to think of it, when things happen to other people it's always a while ago. When they happen to me they're happening now.

My being out that night Wyn called started up some new campaigning. He invited me to dinner

SOLDIER'S WIFE

By . . . Olga L. Rosmanith

**Dramatic
Short Story**

Weak and vain as she knew herself to be, how could she find the courage to face this grim reckoning?

DIDI stood back from the mirror, turned slowly and surveyed herself full length. Her self-decoration was always stunning. To-night it was triumphant.

Her husband threw down a spoiled white tie with an exclamation of annoyance, picked up a fresh one and paused to look at her. He was used to her, but her glowing vividness gave him a little shock.

She was wearing another new dress. A daring thing of rose-pink which bared her long fragile back, snugly caressed her girlish waist and drifted after her as she moved. Jason said with perceptible bitterness: "You are—as usual—your own masterpiece."

Didi was hurt and surprised at this failure of his admiration. "Why, Jay—what's the matter with you?"

He passed his hand over his head. He could not put his thoughts into words. War was all about them. And she was so insensitive that the effect she was going to make on Lady Falcon's house-party downstairs was the uppermost thought in her mind.

"This looks like twenty guineas at the least. I'm getting a good judge of these things. Now, Didi, have you no sense of responsibility?" he said.

Didi could not endure criticism. Her particular form of self-expression, her ever-changing but always dramatic appearance composed for her a very satisfying life as long as she had Jason's approval and could pretend to herself that she did it all for him. Her full bright lips pouted.

"But you're wrong, Jay. It was only half that and worth double. You're so shortsighted. Do you want them to know what a struggle we're having to maintain a face?"

He put her wheedling hands away from him and spoke with a cold sternness so new to her that she was intimidated. "The face we have does not need to be maintained by any form of deception. Most of the people here would give a lot to bear the name of the Carter-Powell family. As for struggle, the only one we

have is keeping up with your headstrong vanity."

Didi looked like a slapped child. "Jay—how cruel and unfair!"

"No. I'm honest with you at last. As a soldier ought to be. Now are you ready to go down?"

He slipped on his coat, shrugged it into place on his straight military body, stood by the door waiting for her as formal as a stranger. Didi stared at him, never before so conscious of his look of ancestors, his proud air of integrity. She felt diminished and unsure of herself. "I must say you pick a nice time to scold me," she complained. "The very first time we have been invited to this house! How do you suppose I can make a hit with these people with this going on between us?"

He was unmoved. "You can act a part, Didi. Others do it."

"Oh, you're hateful! Go down by yourself. Tell them anything you like. I don't care. Not even if you tell them what you think of me—"

"You don't know what I think of you. I've never told you, Didi. You wouldn't like it very much."

She dabbed at her eyes, but her gleaming make-up was unmarred by tears. "Tell me, please. I can take it."

Jason was detached and deliberate. "I may be wrong. I can only judge by what you show me. I think you must be one of the most selfish women in the world—"

There was a light tap on the door beside him and the Major opened it. A manservant said quietly: "A telephone call from London, sir."

"Thank you, Bird. I'm coming right away." He turned back to Didi for a second. "Please wait here till I come back."

WHEN he had gone, Didi sat on the armorial coverlet of the bed and lit a cigarette. She was trembling and disorganised. Her world was shaking under her—her own important little personal world. She had hardly time to inhale the soothing smoke when Jason was back. "Bad news," he said. "Got to return to London immediately."

"How infuriating! What's wrong now?"

"Anything can happen any minute now—this war is full of treachery and surprises."

Didi was wildly disappointed. "Oh, this is maddening!" she said hotly. "What shall I do? Change or wear my fur coat and go as I am?"

"I want you to stay on, Didi. There's a plane on the way for me. So you'll have the car."

He stood looking at her. His mind was completely detached from her and their recent quarrel. She could see it in his preoccupied expression, the two little lines showing deep between his eyes. Now was her opportunity. "Don't go away angry with me," she whispered, putting her arms round his neck. "It's for you I do it all, really it is."

His firm lips softened into a smile and he embraced her briefly. "You're a good sport, anyhow, after what I said to you. Perhaps it's only half true—I haven't time to probe your motives—one thing and another—well, it's all so much worry—"

There was a roar of engines outside as a plane circled and came down into the wind on the Falcons' landing field. "There she is already. I'll get in touch with you. Have a good time, dear."

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Illustrated
by
FISCHER

"How would you like to play for high stakes? Really high ones!" Balt asked Didi.

HEROISM OF NURSES IN RETREAT FROM GREECE



A.I.F. NURSES of Matron Best's contingent:
Sister V. B. Bignold, Staff-Nurse M. B. Leane, Staff-Nurse
M. A. Leake, Sister H. C. Matthews, Staff-Nurse F. B.
Aveling, Staff-Nurse E. E. Jones and Sister A. C. Greenwood. All except
Sister Matthews left Australia under Matron Best.

Sydney matron tells of their courage in grim ordeal

From RONALD MONSON, war correspondent in the Middle East.
BY CABLE.

"They were all wonderful."

In these simple words Matron Kathleen Best described the A.I.F. nurses under her charge when I interviewed her at Alexandria after their magnificent retreat from Greece.

The story she told showed that the A.I.F. nurses with the Expeditionary Force in Greece came through the ordeal of fire like the heroines they are.

WHEN the Germans came racing down the roads towards Athens most of our nurses were serving in a hospital just outside the city.

They had a number of wounded to look after, and when the order came for the Imperial Force to be evacuated from Greece there was still work to be done.

All couldn't leave. It fell to forty, mostly from Sydney and Queensland, to remain and help with the evacuation of the wounded.

None demurred. Matron Best, of Ryde, Sydney, who was in charge of this hospital, in a special interview for The Australian Women's Weekly, told me to-day: "They were all wonderful."

"I told them just what dangers might lie before them when we tried to get out at the last moment. They took it just as a matter of course."

"In truth, we had no idea if we'd ever get out."

"Everyone behaved just as she was expected to behave. After the main body of nurses had left the party remaining carried on as usual."

"Finally there was nothing more for them to do."

"We were given orders one night to move to Port Peloponnese. We took one small suitcase each and a rug."

"Everything else had to be abandoned."

"Some nurses thought it a pity to leave their stockings, so they pinned them inside the sleeves of their coats and carried them that way."

"We were packed into trucks late that evening. All had been working hard right up to the time we left."

"Then we set off for an unknown destination."

"I don't know to this day where we actually went. It was very dark and we travelled all through the night. Everybody was quite cheerful. I was very proud of them."

"At half-past one next day we reached our destination. We got out of the trucks and gathering up our cases trudged through a small town. When we reached the outskirts we sat down on the edge of the gutter and waited for orders to move towards the port."

Perfect discipline

"No talking was allowed and no smoking. It was imperative that the position of the embarkation ports should not be revealed to the enemy planes or the German patrols which might, for all we knew, be somewhere around."

"Towards 3 o'clock we were given orders to move on. Everybody obeyed immediately. The discipline was perfect."

"We were taken aboard a lighter and taken out to a big ship packed with troops. Four cabins were allotted to forty of us and we placed our clothes on the floors with lifebelts and tin hats handy."

"Early the next morning dive-bombers found us. We had a strong convoy but the dive bombers singled us out for attack."

"Bombs fell all round. There was a deafening row as the anti-aircraft guns opened up and the bombs burst. Several bombs fell very close in-

Matron Best's career

MATRON KATHLEEN BEST, of the A.I.F. nursing contingent in Greece, had her name on the nursing reserve list from very soon after the outbreak of war.

For six months before her appointment to the Australian Army Nursing Corps she had been matron at the Masonic Hospital, Ashfield.

She trained at the Western Suburbs Hospital, and was for several years on the staff of the Rachel Forsier Hospital, Redfern.

deed. Shrapnel came through my cabin. It wasn't very pleasant, I can tell you."

"We all kept our tin hats on, but I am not sure exactly what protection from bombs we hoped to get from them. Still, I would like to say again that everybody was grand."

"Well, the bombers seemed determined to get us. They kept up their attacks all through the day. We were in the middle part of the ship just under the part that sticks up. (Would that be the bridge?)"

"Still, we had more to do than listen to the crash of the bombs. There were wounded aboard and though we weren't in charge of them we looked after them during the voyage."

"I think the last time the bombers raided us was about 4.30 in the afternoon, and it was a real relief to reach a safe island."

"There we found the rest of the nurses from our two general hospitals. They gave us a great welcome. They really hadn't expected to see us again. They shared their clothes with us, got us tea, and helped to find us water for baths."

"We stayed at the British hospital, which had just been started there, until another boat took us all off and landed us here."

Matron Best added that she didn't want any exaggerated headlines about their simple story. "I know what your newspaper men are," she said.

That makes it very difficult, for I would like to speak of the heroism of that band of nurses who stayed at their post of duty, fully aware of all the hazards confronting them. But perhaps the simpler story is the best, after all.



MATRON BEST, of Ryde, Sydney, who was in charge of the hospital near Athens from which A. I. F. nurses were evacuated.



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Recipe to Darken Grey Hair

A Sydney Hairdresser Tells How To Make Remedy for Grey Hair.

Mr. Len Jeffrey, of Waverley, who has been a hairdresser for more than fifteen years, recently made the following statement:—"Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home that will darken grey hair and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add one ounce of Bay Rum, a box of Orlex Compound, and 1 ounce of Glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This should make a grey-haired person appear 10 to 20 years younger. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

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Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food does not digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind blows up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel ever, tired and weary and the world looks blue. Laxatives are only makeshifts. A more bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes three good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3/41

"SUCH an ordinary, trivial occurrence I thought no more of it at the time. Afterwards, Morrissey came back here: he'd been down to Kingswood before I took over the case. We sat smoking until our tongues were charred. That Blissett had been poisoned I didn't doubt, but why I couldn't imagine if one ruled his daughter out of the question."

"That's a beautiful chandelier he's got, I chanced to remark. In perfect condition, too. There's usually a bit missing in those old gewgaws."

"So there is there," declared Morrissey. "One of the 'drops' you call it, don't you? It's right over where you were sitting. I noticed it the first time I went to Kingswood because I sat where you did this afternoon."

"Well, unless I want glasses, or you're mistaken, I'd say the branch over my head was completely perfect," I protested. "Any missing or broken piece would spoil the symmetry of the lustre. You'd notice the loss by the gap in the design."

"It wasn't a whole lustre," persisted Morrissey. "But one of the drops on the end was missing. As you say, it spoils the alignment; that's why I noticed it."

"I was silent, my brain surging round a small, new, innocent-looking fact."

"Did you say anything to Neidlesohn about it?"

"Good Lord, no!" laughed Morrissey. "Ornaments get broken in the best houses. There's nothing in that. Besides, Neidlesohn probably knows it's missing."

"Probably," I agreed slowly. "But if we're both right one of the lustres was incomplete and is now restored. That shows the missing 'drop' has been replaced in the meantime. Supposing you're right, whereabouts was it?"

"You know where the branches curve down and turn up again to the gas jet? Somewhere about the middle of the bend."

"Suddenly the clamped table connected with my thoughts."

"Keeping the table's position in mind, that would bring that lustre immediately over the plate of whoever was sitting there," I suggested. "Blissett for example. It may sound fantastic, but supposing there was some connection between that clamped table and the chandelier! I'd like to go to Kingswood again, if we could persuade Mr. Neidlesohn to be away for a few hours..."

"This is how I worked it out, after Morrissey had gone. The remains of the dinner had been analysed, nothing wrong was found, and none of the others who'd eaten the same food had been affected. Therefore only Blissett's food could have been poisoned. It couldn't have been doctored beforehand, because he'd been helped from the same dishes on the table as the others. And it couldn't have been handed to him in a particular glass or anything during the meal, because that would mean an accomplice in the butler—an unthinkable and highly dangerous undertaking."

"If my suspicion was correct, it must have been done at the table; cunningly, under some harmless disguise that nobody suspected. Another point. Introduced on a full meal, the action of poison is delayed and mitigated in contrast to its action on an empty stomach. Blissett lived nearly three hours after he'd had dinner, therefore he must have been poisoned towards the end of the meal. Although he ate sparingly of the other dishes, he had two helpings of cheese soufflé. The trouble with the gas was at the end of the meal, remember. It was put out while the butler had gone for the coffee. But for some seconds the room was in darkness."

"Supposing death came with the dark!"

"Delay was the only danger. Time would evaporate every drop of evidence. The first thing was to get Neidlesohn away from Kingswood. I got Miss Blissett to telephone him to come and fetch the rose-crystal 'woman' her father had left in his will. Directly I knew he was in town I took Morrissey and a plain-clothes man and rushed down to Kingswood."

"Standing on the table, after the expostulating butler had been put out of the room, a horrible doubt seized me. The chandelier was perfect; not a lustre or a 'drop' was missing. But the pear-shaped 'drop'

on the fourth lustre from the gas jet didn't hang as evenly as the rest. The wire affixing it to the cylindrical body of the lustre was bent. I laid it on my upturned fingers and stared."

"The wire that held the 'drop' had been stuck in a tiny cork, and the cork (invisible from below) pushed in the hole at the base of the lustre. But the hole had been bored much deeper than was necessary to take the pin of the 'drop,' making the lustre into an elongated scent bottle, and, on the inside surface, there were little beads of moisture."

"With shaky hands I cut the lustre from the chandelier and sat down with Morrissey at the table. Pulling the 'drop' and the cork out from the bottom I took a glass filter from my test-case, and sucked up one of the 'beads' adhering to the inside."

"It was a strong solution of aconite."

"Morrissey's face was a study."

"I sealed up the end of the lustre, put it with its damning evidence in

Animal Antics



"I regret that I have but nine lives to lose for my country!"

my case, when suddenly, with a shiver that ran all down my spine, I felt the door open. Neidlesohn stood in the doorway, his eyes glittering, and his nostrils inflated like a bull's."

"So," he crooned with dangerous politeness, advancing into the room. "I have visitors—house-breakers. I believe you call them, Mr. Drexell. My butler telephoned to me at Miss Blissett's." Then his eyes caught the footmarks on the tablecloth. "What's the meaning of this?" he flared.

"This," I pointed to the damaged chandelier.

"He looked up and his lips quivered. Then he forced himself to smile, but he looked dangerous, and I was glad the table was between us. We'd left the plain-clothes man in the car and I didn't want to whistle the signal for him yet. That would only precipitate matters."

"AS I was hesitating, Neidlesohn said insolently: 'Perhaps you'll be good enough to explain what you're doing in my house, willfully damaging my furniture.'"

"I will," I said. "I think you'd be interested. Let's sit down." Gingerly, he brought a chair to the table and sat facing us. "You know what happened to the man who unexpectedly took home a viper? That was poor Blissett's fate. He took you home as a friend, but all you wanted was his rose-crystal statuette. You never forgave him for not parting with it. Suddenly, here was something your wealth couldn't buy, and you determined to get it—some other way. Probably Blissett himself put the idea into your head; unconsciously, of course. That little bargain about the will; whichever remained got both statuettes."

"Blissett was the younger man; in the ordinary course of events he would get them. You determined he shouldn't. Many hours of evil thought went to think of a way—certain, simple and safe—and all the time he never suspected. That's what made it so easy."

Snake's Heart

Continued from page 4

"You knew one of the cures for laryngitis was aconite. Although the specialist prescribed it, it only needed an overdose and the thing was done. A case of accidental death, and the statuette was yours. You purposely brought in two guests that night to avert suspicion. It was safer than dining with Blissett alone."

"Anyone can misadjust the wind-shutter of a gas bracket just sufficiently to give that effect of air in the pipe. The clamping of the table was done days before; the fuss about having it right under the chandelier was to blind your own servants. The plumb-line of where that particular lustre fell was worked out to a nicety, but the actual boring of the body was more clumsy. You did that yourself; just a sufficiently large cavity to hold the poison."

"Finally, the trap was ready, Blissett's particular choice catered for, his seat settled, and you all sat down."

"Presently the gas begins to flicker. Someone mentions it, and probably the butler moves to see to it, but you wave him away. 'It's nothing; a little air in the pipe, it'll right itself soon.' Outwardly calm, and the ideal host, you wait for the soufflé with impatient anxiety. When it's served you send the butler for the coffee, and your special cigars."

"THAT will keep him away a little longer. When he's gone, you remark on the gas; it throws shadows on what you're eating, but you'll soon alter that. Being tall you can reach the taps, you refuse your guests' help, and going round you turn each jet out, leaving Blissett's until last. Suddenly the room's in darkness. In a second you've caught hold of the lustre above his plate, pulled out the doctored end, and released the aconite on to his food. Death falls with those drops, but nobody knows."

"The readjustment of the wind-shutter, the flash of the match to relight the gas, and the thing's done. Quickly, easily; nobody suspects. Solution of aconite is colorless: Blissett wouldn't see it on his soufflé! Also, the taste is hot, like tobaccos; as Blissett's already seasoned it with that sauce he won't notice it. With the vigilance of a snake you watch him clear his plate and press him to a second helping. Nobody saw you put the drop end of the lustre in your pocket, to be replaced at some convenient opportunity."

"Suddenly, Neidlesohn jumped up. 'It's a lie, a made-up, clumsy lie,' he shouted, thumping the table."

"This doesn't lie," I said, whipping the lustre from my case. There are still traces of aconite inside; little beads of death that betray you. It'll tax your ingenious brain to refute this..."

"With a savage snarl he flung himself across the table in a desperate effort to get the lustre. Taken off my guard I fell back, toppling on to the floor. In a second he was on me, his thumb feeling for my windpipe. Morrissey sprang on him like a tiger, and the three of us rolled in a frenzied struggle. Tearing, kicking, and swearing, we got him on his back, but I had to whistle for the other man before we could take him away."

"From the moment he stood in the dock he knew he was doomed, but he beat us."

"What!" cried young Anthony with righteous indignation. "You mean to say he got off!"

Drexell shook his head.

"The verdict was guilty all right, but he'd had earache and cotton-wool in one ear, and in the wool a grain of the most recent discovery of deadly poisons. When he got back to the cells he took it. At present there's no known antidote. There'll be trouble about that, of course."

"The papers will be full of it tomorrow."

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These charming people will come to Canberra



MR. RONALD CROSS, who will soon leave England to take up his new post as British High Commissioner in Australia.



MRS. RONALD CROSS inspects a hat at a mannequin parade she organised recently in London for war funds.



FAMILY GROUP. Mrs. Ronald Cross, with her three daughters, Angela, 15, Diana, 11, and Suzanna, who is 3, on the hearth of their London home.

British High Commissioner Ronald Cross and his family

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, our special representative in England.

Britain's new High Commissioner in Australia, Mr. Ronald Cross, former Minister in the Churchill Cabinet, is very much a family man. Husband of one of London's most attractive women, father of three daughters, he claims they don't leave him much time for other interests.

This charming family will be welcomed in Canberra when Mr. Cross arrives to take up his new post.

RONALD CROSS is a typical good-looking Englishman, tall, slight, fair-haired, with deep-set blue eyes that twinkle, clear-cut features, and a straight mouth which crinkles up at the corners when he smiles.

In an exclusive interview Mr. Cross told me about his family—his red-haired wife, two schoolgirl daughters, three-year-old baby daughter, and the death of his only son four years ago.

"Of course we are such an excited household since the appointment that it is difficult to see my family except as three girls and a mother in a whirlwind of preparations for Australia," he said.

"Even in my proudest parental moments I cannot say my daughters are distinguished in any way—which does not worry me, for I like the course of their school days to go by as quietly as possible.

"They are just average children, very fond of outdoor life.

"Since it was first suggested by the papers two months ago that I might be appointed to Australia, my two eldest girls, fifteen-year-old Angela and eleven-year-old Diana, have been reading up everything about Australia.

"Even baby Suzanna has been infected with their enthusiasm, and she has demanded a koala, which at present is taking the place of her doll.

"Angela is very tall for her age. She is fair and supposedly most like me.

"She is quiet and very girlish, but Diana is a regular tomboy. She's fair, too, but much shorter, and is 'the boy' of the family since we lost three-year-old John."

Mr. Cross hasn't had a holiday since war broke out.

Before the war he took holidays as his family dictated, for they always went away as a family.

Despite their home-loving ways Mr. and Mrs. Cross are one of the most elegant couples in London. He's always smartly tailored, but confessed to me he wears hand-knitted socks.

"I am looking forward to riding

again in Australia, for I spent much of my early life in the saddle, and I've insisted that my daughters be good horsewomen," he said.

"As we have no country house, their riding has been confined to Rotten Row. But now I hope to see them out galloping across the Australian country.

"I play bad golf with my wife, but only occasionally—perhaps eighteen holes once a year."

English style

THE Cross daughters are well known in the Row, where they are two of the most correctly-dressed equestriennes—bowler-hatted, check-coated, jodhpured.

Mrs. Cross, grey-eyed, with reddish curly hair, is active and slight.

She is one of London's political hostesses, and has large circles of friends among the diplomats. Frequently seen in the Ladies' Gallery of the House of Commons, she is interested in politics.

Like the Duchess of Kent, she spends part of the week doing Red Cross nursing at the same hospital. She was a youthful Voluntary Aid during the 1914-18 war.

Usually she combines these activities with domesticity and makes many of the children's frocks.

She has cousins, the Lancelot Addisons, in Australia, who visited them when in England.

"I am terribly thrilled to be going out to Australia," Mrs. Cross told me. "I will go on with my Red Cross work there, I hope.

"I am not taking out an elaborate wardrobe, as it is wartime, but will just take a few models from London houses. I believe Australian women are most attractive and chic, so I must keep up the English standard."

Mrs. Cross is noted for her conservative taste in clothes.

Tweeds are her favorite type of

dressing, and simple, dark frocks relieved with pearls. Like her husband, she is enthusiastic about the good fortune that will take her children from England just now and give them freedom from danger in the sunshine and abundance of Australia.

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H

He was gone, but Didi was happy. He had kissed her good-bye with his old fire. She restored her lipstick before the antique mirror, smoothed her hair and walked gracefully down the historic staircase, gay, vain, sure of herself, secure again in her tight little personal world.

Lord Axminster had gone back to town with Jason, but the others all remained. A distinguished, sophisticated, well-dressed throng, bristling with titles or better claim to celebrity. Didi felt a sharp lift of spirits. She could enjoy herself all the more really—be more dramatic and effective—without Jason's thoughtful eyes on her. Sometimes that quizzical look put her off her drive. Especially when he watched her doing her deadly work at the

bridge table. Didi was proud of her genius for bridge. She had reason to be.

Even here her reputation for it had gone before her. Lady Falcon matched her with the most formidable players in the party after dinner. Gavin Balt, Barry Simmons, the Conservative Member for Crossingham, and Mrs. Dodo Barton, a darting-eyed angular beanpole of a woman with the tragic remains of a once famous beauty. Didi drew the ponderous Mr. Simmons in the cut for partners, and without any friendly preamble such as was going on at the other tables the play began.

There were six bridge tables in the salon. It was the first time Didi had seen this room, and she was

fascinated by the living quality of the tapestries set in the old carved panels of the walls. But the three others at her table were experts in deadly earnest, and in order to hold her own she had to concentrate and give the game her undivided attention. It was worth it, however. It was a thrill to be against opponents who stretched her skill.

She was hardly aware of them as personalities beyond hands that held cards till the rubbers were over, and she was stuffing her winnings into her gold mesh bag. Eight crisp five-pound notes. "I must see more of you, Mrs. Carter-Powell," said Gavin Balt. "I didn't believe in your advance publicity, but I'll admit now it was understated. You're uncanny. Have you an un-

Continued from page 6

seen mentor in the beyond? Or do you see through the backs of the cards?"

Didi laughed happily, picking up her jewelled cigarette-case from the table. "Oh, I have a good memory—a capacity for concentration—that's all."

Her happiness glowed from her. Success was a rich wine. Gavin Balt took stock of her lustrous personality through pale, heavy-lidded eyes. He drew her chair away from her as she rose.

"However did you learn to play like that?" he asked. "You've none of the looks of it."

"How am I supposed to look?"

"Oh, keen as a rat, you know—and unpleasantly clever. Not like a rose-petal blown in by the wind."

Soldier's Wife

I

It sounded odd in his high-pitched, affected voice, and it did not go at all with his complacent fish-like personality. But Didi was not in a critical mood. He was an extremely clever player himself, and she had outclassed him by sheer brainwork. She said: "But I am clever. I must be to have beaten you."

He was silent for a little while as with a frivolous gesture she began adjusting the bracelet on her wrist. "How would you like to play for high stakes?" he asked finally. "Really high ones. Would it scare you?"

Didi was conscious of a violent thrill. It was, of course, the logical next step to the one she stood on. She said casually, "No, why should it? There's nothing I'd like better."

"Righto. I'll fix it for you. I'll introduce you into a club I know. Give me your phone number. I'll give you a ring when we get back to town."

Major Jason Carter-Powell was a Staff Major working on anti-aircraft plans. He was a gunnery expert. Didi and he lived in a modernised old house almost next door to his absorbing work. Before the war she had tried to persuade him to live in Mayfair, but argument had been useless. Even then he had felt the time he saved in transit was extra time for his work.

She thought a lot about money. She wished the car had wings as she sped through the stretching fields of the countryside on the way home next day. She was longing to tell Jay about her winnings. It would wipe out the unpleasantness about the dress.

He was not in when she arrived, and there was the familiar message for her to go ahead with dinner as he might be late. He was late. He came in at midnight while she was preparing for bed. Jay's tired look vanished when he saw her. He took her face in his two hands and kissed her. He said, "Only a bear could stay angry with you."

"I've been a good girl, too, darling. Now what do you think, Jay?"

"Too tired to think. Better tell me."

She reached for her bag and opened it, producing the crackling handful of banknotes. "Forty pounds, Jay. I won it at cards. Think of it: Forty pounds!"

She was startled by the look on his face. "Really, Didi, this bridge business is robbing you of all sense of proportion. Lifting forty pounds at a week-end party! Why, it's sheer robbery—it's simply unpardonable."

A red wave of temper flowed up in Didi. She leaped up and faced him. "How dare you say that? Do you mean I cheat? I'm not honest?"

"Literally no—morally yes..."

Now his searching grey eyes had the cold shut look which told her he had taken a line he thought right, and no logic on earth would deflect him from it.

"Well, it's absolutely straight play. The others do it. It's common talk now that I'm a genius. But they want to play with me and lose. So what of it?"

"The common talk, Didi. I don't like it. If you lost now and then it would be more agreeable. But you never do. You cost people money wherever you go. Of course, they don't think you're dishonest, but you show you're too keen. So they talk about you. You do yourself no credit to advertise this sort of money. It simply is not done."

Didi's anger died of exhaustion. It was never any good pitting herself against any of Jay's fixed ideas. She let two big tears well in her pansy-dark eyes and slowly fall. Jason's mouth relaxed. "In some ways you're such a child," he said. "I wish you'd grow up. Particularly on this one subject."

"But Jason—"

"Now listen to me. You'll ruin us with your vanity and extravagance. But I will not have the deficits made up by money looted from our friends. Didi, I don't ask you to share my worries and responsibilities. I want you to enjoy your youth. All I ask is that you play fair with me."

"All right," she capitulated. "I'll try. How do you want me to do it?"

"Keep within a budget. And don't play bridge more than once a week. I have to be up early again this morning. So let's go to bed."

Please turn to page 12



8 YEARS OLD... AND A WAR VETERAN

Terror stalks to-day through Europe.
Thousands have fled from bombed and burning homes.
Little children are front line soldiers . . .
AND... MAKE NO MISTAKE... THIS COULD HAPPEN IN AUSTRALIA.
This could be your own little girl.

It is to prevent this that our boys have gladly taken their places in our Navy, Army and Air Force. And it's up to us to answer the call for more and more funds to arm and equip this mighty effort. There is no time to be lost. This is a war of speed. So let us speed up our savings and lend every shilling—every penny we can spare—to the Nation.

Quick facts about the WAR LOAN!

1. War Loan is a gilt-edged security backed by the Commonwealth Government. You purchase the Bonds through your Bank, Stockbroker or any Money Order Post Office.
2. They cost £10 each and upwards. You can buy them for 10% deposit and the balance within three months. The interest is paid twice yearly on 15th February and 15th August of each year.
3. Interest is 2½% for five years or 3½% for nine/fifteen years. Interest is free of State Income Taxes.
4. Prompt application is necessary. The loan closes 19th May at the latest.

BUY WAR LOAN BONDS

BREN GUN CARRIERS ON JUNGLE MANOEUVRES



AUSTRALIAN Bren gun carriers moving through a street to manoeuvres in Malaya attracted considerable interest from the inhabitants.



MANOEUVRES begin on a rubber plantation. Here the going is fairly easy.



IN THE HEART of the jungle this Bren carrier is almost hidden by undergrowth.



DIFFICULT country, but the Bren carrier pushes its way over obstacles.

Pictures by Wilfred (Bill) Brindle, The Australian Women's Weekly photographer in Malaya.

DON'T GO ON SUFFERING...

...with a STUFFED-UP NOSE

due to a nose-cold, catarrh, sinus trouble, etc.

TRY THE NEW WAY TO QUICK NOSE COMFORT

Tilt back your head. Up each nostril put a few drops of Vicks Vapo-nol. No fuss. No bother. Takes only 10 seconds. But, oh, what relief it brings!

YOU B-R-E-A-T-H-E AGAIN!

You feel that tingling medication cool away hot, dry irritation—shrink the swelling inside your nose... clear away mucus. You breathe... long, cool, delightful breaths!

Keep Va-tro-nol handy. AT NIGHT, a few drops keep breathing clear, so you can sleep. SINUS PAIN is eased by Va-tro-nol, which helps to keep sinuses drained. PREVENT COLDS by using a few drops of Va-tro-nol at the first sneeze. More people use Va-tro-nol than any other preparation of its kind.

Prepared and guaranteed by the makers of Vicks VapoRub



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BAD LEG
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CUTS
BURNS
BOILS
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OPEN WOUNDS
INFLAMMATION
and all kinds of Skin Complaints

Dear Sirs,
Two years ago I had a slight roughness on my ankle. I took very little notice of it until it began to itch and spread rapidly. It developed a red and raw appearance and the itching persisted. I decided to try Germolene and at once the itching lessened, the redness cleared up and now my ankle is completely healed.
Yours truly, M. J.

LET Germolene heal your skin trouble... whatever it is... however long you have suffered. You can TRUST Germolene! With its wonderful ASEPTIC principle it stops the threat of poisoning! By its great healing power it wipes away blemishes and even heals painful long standing ulcers which nothing else will touch!

Feel how it soothes at a touch! See how it heals in record time! Irritation, itching, burning all are ended! Open wounds heal over. Your skin becomes clear and clean and not a scar remains to "tell the tale." Get your supply TO-DAY... and watch your skin trouble disappear.



Prices 1/7 & 3/8

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Agents: Harold F. Ritchie (Australia) (Pty.) Ltd., 350/354 William Street, Melbourne

HE was worn out and he went to sleep almost immediately. "Worries," thought Didi passionately, "it's I who have the worries." She thought of the batch of bills pushed into the pigeon-holes of her desk, bills she dared not examine and add up.

Jason was gone when Didi woke up. He must have moved like a mouse to dress without waking her. Didi sat up in bed when the maid entered with the breakfast tray.

She opened the paper and read the headlines. Violence, hatred and fighting everywhere. She threw the paper down and poured her coffee. I will postpone worrying about the bills, she thought. Just for now I will enjoy myself. But it was not possible. She had a bridge engagement in town this afternoon. If she went and made this her once-a-week party, what about the one to-morrow?

She was creaming her face and worrying about this when Gavin Balt telephoned. There was an extension in the bedroom, and the call was put through from down below.

"Goodness," exclaimed Didi, taken off her guard by surprise. "You don't let the grass grow under your feet!"

"Why should I? I can't stop thinking about you."

She felt a little repelled. Jay was handsome and magnificent, whereas Gavin Balt was merely a good bridge machine with a name to conjure with. He added into her ominous silence: "Don't misunderstand me. It's your card technique that's bowled me over."

"Oh," she said, relieved, "it's about a date at that certain club? Or isn't it?"

"Yes. Still feeling equal to the experiment?"

"More than ever," she thought, her heart thudding madly, "more than ever." But she must not show her eagerness. "Yes. If you still feel I'll do you credit."

"Good. I'll call for you at three to-day—if that's convenient."

"Luckily it is. I'll be ready for you."

It was a pleasure to cancel the other bridge party because this new thing didn't count. It was secret and must remain so.

As the time neared for Balt's arrival she grew more and more elated. High stakes! She would win real money. Not a miserable little forty pounds. And pay off all those bills.

Balt called for her in a sports car he was driving himself.

"How do you feel to-day? Any hunches?"

"Oh, yes. We'll have the cards. I always know. Tell me something about the place we're going to. I mean, what kind of a club?"

"To be quite frank, it's a tip-top gambling den. All its forms. You'll see some famous faces there. But it's outside the law. You must keep all you see under your hat."

Didi was glad she had had the enterprise to come. "What fun! Thank you for taking me. But whatever made you do it? Trust me, I mean."

He kept his eyes on the traffic, but she saw the little smile he meant for her. "You're not an ordinary girl. You can keep a secret. There's a ruthless, unflinching quality about your playing I've never seen in a woman. I need you. I need money. Together we can't lose, you know." He turned off into a quiet street and parked the car. "It's a couple of steps from here. Mind walking?"

They went round a corner into a cul-de-sac and walked up two flights of stairs of an unpretentious house. He opened a door with a key from his pocket. They entered a little vestibule and faced another locked door. He had no key for this one. He rang the bell. A huge man admitted them. Didi had felt a slight qualm on seeing the unpromising approach to the house, but the small crowded rooms through which they walked were glamorous with treasure-filled luxury.

The windows were concealed and the gaming rooms had an air of midnight in their alabaster filtered artificial light. Some people were in evening dress already as if they were going on somewhere else. Didi mentioned this. Balt laughed under his breath. "Oh, no—they are left-overs from last night, or maybe the night before

Soldier's Wife

Continued from page 10

that. Look in here. They are playing baccarat. Like to try it?"

Didi was at once on guard. "No, thank you. No games of chance for me. With bridge I have everything under control."

"But you can have a run of bad cards."

"Of course. But it doesn't last. I mean with me, it never has done."

"So much the better. Here's the bridge room. Now we'll see what luck you bring me."

Balt seemed to be known to everyone. He introduced Didi to a bald-headed man with gimlet eyes and two soft pink chins hanging over his collar, and then to a haggard but aristocratic and strangely beautiful middle-aged woman. There was no social conversation. They were here for business. That was painfully obvious. Didi glanced at the woman as she dealt the cards with lightning precision. She was not an encouraging sight. "When I've won a decent sum of money I shall keep away from this—I won't let it get hold of me," Didi caught herself thinking.

The high stakes did not frighten her, but they sharpened her sense of responsibility. Didi's mind worked like an adding machine, displaying feats of memory and bringing off coups of flawless finesse with a developing power that surprised the others and thrilled herself.

"I'm cleaned out," said the fat man at last. "Let's call it a day, shall we?"

DIDI felt almost suffocated with excitement as they reckoned up the score and paid over the winnings. She was shaking with pride and happiness. Her heart galloped when the banknotes were pushed to her across the baize table-top. She had never seen a hundred-pound note before, and she had won ten of them in an afternoon! If only she could race home and tell Jay about it.

The man with the chins and the macabre beauty were both congratulating her on her magnificent play, and expressed a hope to play with her again and get even.

"Enjoy yourself?" Balt inquired as he took her away.

"I'm thrilled to the soles of my feet," Didi whispered.

He laughed quietly and his pale eyes gleamed. "You're a funny kid. In a way you're a child. Yet you have this astounding faculty. Well, women are always mysterious."

A large glossy-looking man with dead black eyes and a Vandyc beard stood in their path on the way out. Balt presented him to Didi as the Baron, "our genial host."

The Baron lifted Didi's right hand to his beard in the gesture of a kiss. "A friend of Gavin's is always welcome here," he said pleasantly. He took a key from his waistcoat pocket.

and put it in her hand. "Now you can drop in any time you like."

"Thank you. I will," she said. Adding to herself: "I'll keep on coming till I've won five thousand pounds and never again after that."

Balt had a dinner engagement in town, so Didi took the train home and walked the short distance from the station to the house. She was in a state of incredible bliss, relieved from the menace of those unbearable bills. She would pay them all to-morrow and with the remainder open a secret banking account. That she would use to stake her play till she had won the sum she had set her heart upon. It would last till something else turned up.

The newsvendors displayed posters that were grimmer to-day than yesterday, but that meant little to Didi except that it kept Jay out late at night and he was too tired to be human when he came home. The bills were paid and she had some new evening things which were a pure joy because they too were paid for.

They were taking coffee one evening after a late dinner at home. Jason was telling her something about his day's work.

She was not interested, but she might as well humor him. "What exactly are you doing?"

"You'd be surprised. A great many clever and ingenious things you can read about in the papers. But we have some secrets too. A few very unpleasant surprises for any uninvited callers!"

Didi was no longer listening. She was examining the hand-wrought silver buttons on her quilted faille jacket. Each one was different. No wonder the suit had been so expensive. She got up from her chair and turned slowly round before him. "This is new—but cheap, don't worry—don't you think I look marvellous?"

Jason's face showed hurt disappointment. It was unusual for Didi to show any interest in his work, and now she had spoiled it. "You look very nice," he said without enthusiasm. "But anything would look well on such a perfect figure."

Didi was not pleased. She wanted flattery for her clever taste. "That's where you're wrong. The more simple a thing is the more beautifully it must be cut. The line is everything!"

Jason sighed, knocked out his pipe and put away his book on velocity of explosive-propelled projectiles. "Early start again. Time for bed."

Didi blew up. "It's always time for bed in this house—or for work. What a life! It's just the time when people are beginning to wake up."

Please turn to page 14



PAIN
THAT WAS
TORTURE

SHE HAD TO
TELL A
"white lie"

MEN CAN'T REALISE — and it's so hard to "explain" when dragging, exhausting muscular cramps mean broken appointments and "time off." On those days every month when you would give anything to be able to shake off that terrible feeling of weakness—try a couple of little Myzone tablets.

ALREADY five out of every nine women are blessing this wonderful new pain-relief. For Myzone's special acteva (anti-epasm) compound brings immediate—more complete and lasting—relief from severe period pain, headache and sick-feeling, than anything else you've ever known. All chemists. Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

Just take two Myzone tablets with water, or cup of tea. Find blessed relief and new, bright comfort... absolutely safe—notice how there is no "doping."

Try Myzone with your very next "pain."

Gunnery practice for A.I.F. in Malaya



STRIPPED to the waist in true gunner style, Australian members of an artillery regiment "somewhere in Malaya" rush to man the guns during an artillery exercise.



GUN CREW manhandles the gun into position (above left) and prepares to load (above) in readiness for the order to fire.



AUSSIE BOMBARDIER, wearing the new neck protector flap to his tin hat, wipes the sweat from his brow.



AN HOUR LATER, with the sudden change for which Malayan climate is noted, inches of rain are falling.



PRIVATE DARCY HORNE, of Sarina, Queensland, has the unenviable job of guard duty in the pouring tropic rain.

Sultan of Johore with A.I.F. Pictures on page 2.

GIRLS WITH SOFT, SMOOTH, EASY-TO-LOOK-AT SKIN WIN OUT. I ALWAYS USE **LUX TOILET SOAP**. A DAILY LUX TOILET SOAP BEAUTY BATH PEPS ME UP WONDERFULLY.

ACTUAL STATEMENT BY

Claudette Colbert

starring in Paramount's "Skylark"



Lux Toilet Soap is Super-creamed - has a special cream blended into the tablet, to cream while cleansing the skin.

LOVELY SKIN ISN'T ONLY FOR SCREEN STARS, IS IT MISS COLBERT? ANY GIRL CAN HAVE LUXURIOUS LUX TOILET SOAP BEAUTY BATHS...LIKE I DO! IT COSTS SO LITTLE TO USE THIS LONG-LASTING SOAP.



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J

ASON took her by the shoulders and hustled her before him. "They'll wake up at the wrong time if somebody isn't on the job! The trouble is, Didi, you haven't realised yet that a soldier's wife should be a soldier—especially in war time!"

There was nothing to do but submit. Well, the war would be over some day, she supposed, and they would have fun again. And she would have marvellous clothes for it and all that money in the bank.

The money did not materialise. Luck turned strangely against her at the gambling club and for all her prodigies of skill and reckless daring she continued to lose. Anyone else would have given up trying to reach the limit she had set for herself, but the danger only acted as a spur to Didi's determination. She must have that money. Given the minimum of winning cards she was invincible. Her luck must turn. Luck, however, broke the laws of chance and did not.

The Baron intercepted her and invited her into his office one afternoon when she was leaving. His manner was smoothly sympathetic. He indicated a deep chair which took her into a large blue leather embrace. "I hate to interfere between the members, Mrs. Carter-Powell, but I've had several complaints. People don't want to take any more I.O.U.'s from you till these are paid." He consulted a pad on his heavily littered desk. "The total is more than six thousand pounds."

Didi had the sensation of falling through bottomless space. "It can't be all that. They can't all be mine. You've made some mistake."

He picked up a bunch of chits and leafed through them. "No, they're all yours. Small sums mount up, you know. Your signature is here on every one."

It was probably true. She had been so mad, so heedless of the money involved, so intent on sticking till the cards came back. But how wicked of people to take her I.O.U.'s. If they had refused she would have had to stop. Her thoughts leaped madly about like a wild bird pushed into a cage. But there was

no way to go except deeper down. "Let me play again just once," she pleaded. "I must win this time. It's my only way out."

The Baron shook his head slowly with a convincing air of regret. "I wish I could. But it's impossible. I've already allowed you more leeway than is laid down in the rules of the house. But there is another way—"

"Is there?" said Didi frantically. "Oh, what is it?"

"Your husband, my dear young lady. What do you women marry these rich husbands for?"

"My husband isn't rich—" Didi stopped, appalled by the sudden blaze of light on the whole peculiar experience. Blackmail. The people she had been playing with were accomplices of the Baron's—not bona-fide club members gathered there for the pleasure of gambling. Gavin had introduced her there and never gone with her again. She moaned silently way deep down. He was working for this man for commission—of course he was. Well, who could blame him if everything were on the level? But it wasn't. She hadn't had the chance of her superior play. She had been deliberately trapped with marked cards.

The Baron's dead eyes gave nothing of himself away, but they saw plenty. He smiled slightly as he watched emotions race over Didi's face. "That isn't what I've heard," he said, discarding subtlety. "But, if true, all the more reason we should call a halt. When you intend to pay these debts is the issue we must settle now."

"You can't sue me," said Didi desperately. "Your club is illegal."

The Baron's smile widened as if she had made a joke. His unsmiling eyes above it looked uncanny. "We wouldn't try. We never do. There are other methods of dealing with such cases. For that reason we have no trouble." He paused to let that sink in, then glanced at her hands rigidly locked together. "Now there is no necessity for you to work yourself into a nervous collapse. I have experience in these things. The affair will be amicably settled if you allow me to deal with your husband."

Didi's heart stopped and hung in her breast till she felt she was going to die. "Oh, no! You mustn't do that! You mustn't do that! I can straighten this out in time. Don't punish me by destroying my marriage—"

"I wouldn't want to. There's another way—"

"Yes? Please tell me."

NOW he leaned forward over the desk, and his eyes were not eyes at all, but the openings of tunnels down into a darkness where should have been a soul. "Your husband is a gunnery expert . . . Am I right?"

"Why, yes—yes, he is—"

"Good. I have friends who would pay handsomely to know what he knows. Much more than your paltry debts. They would make him the rich man you say he is not. Now you—"

Didi managed a frightened croak. "No use. He would never tell me—"

"Naturally not. But he would be approached in such a way that you would be aware of it. Your part would be to influence him to act in an intelligent manner."

Didi licked her dry lips but she could not speak. She had been in the habit of turning to Jason in the smallest difficulty, depending on him to straighten things out. Except, of course, in the embarrassing matter of the bills. She could not turn to him now.

The Baron said finally, "You need not answer now. Take a day to think it over. I'll expect you here to see me exactly at this time tomorrow."

Didi walked away on legs trembling as if from fever.

If only one could turn back, she agonised, if only one could turn back. Wasteful thinking. One never could.

A car with an army chauffeur sitting in it was waiting at the door when she arrived, and she knew Jason was home before her. He met her in the panelled hall as she entered. "I'm glad you're back, Didi. I'm going on a tour of some of the armament works. I'm flying up to the first to-night."

Soldier's Wife

Continued from page 12

The sight of him, so real and substantial in his uniform, with his look of authority, integrity, and race shocked Didi into immediate realisation of the only thing left for her to do. She opened the door into the drawing-room. "Come in here, Jay. There's something awfully private I have to say to you."

He was in a hurry. But the look in his wife's eyes and the desperate tone of her voice impressed him. He followed her into the room, closed the door behind them, and stood waiting.

Didi stood before him, forcing her eyes to meet his and take whatever medicine of contempt and anger was coming to her. "I've got to leave you, Jay. It's all over. I've let you down utterly. You'll never want to see me again after this. I'm not worth your little finger. I'm no use to anybody—"

He opened his mouth to speak, but she held up her hand. "No, wait. Listen, please. This is too difficult not to tell you immediately. I can't bear the thing another minute."

Bit by bit, in her hurrying voice, the whole miserable story came out, to the last detail of the Baron's offer. Jason let her finish, his grave face non-committal, telling her nothing of what he felt. "So you see," she finished, "I must go. And I must go now. I know how you'd feel about my spending another night under this roof. I don't belong here any more. As for that ghastly debt, that isn't yours. I'll find some way to pay the money—"

She put her hands to her throat and swayed slightly. Jason took her elbow and impelled her firmly to the sofa. "Let's sit down. That's better. Well, Didi, I honestly didn't think you had it in you—"

"But I didn't either, Jay. Oh, I know I've been selfish and vain and stupid. But I didn't know I could be absolutely wicked—"

H

IS face was still grave and unhappy, but there was nothing in it of contempt or anger. "You misunderstand me, Didi. I mean I didn't think you had it in you to stand and face an enemy charge. You've failed in love and honesty time and again, but courage redeems you greatly. Courage, you know, is a virtue, too." And surprisingly he took her hands and held them as if he wanted to comfort her.

Didi stared at him, astounded, through a blur of tears. "You mean, you could—possibly—forgive me?"

Now he did smile a little. "I'm afraid I'll have to—till seventy times seven. Not because I'm any kind of a saint, but because I love you and my kind of love is for life. Quite illogical, of course, but love isn't a reward of merit, thank goodness. It's magic—an inexplicable mystery. I've known for a long time I couldn't hope for a return for my unshakable love for you, but I happen to be made that way—"

Didi felt a hot wave of shame. She looked down at his hands covering her own, now unable to meet the grieving compassion in his eyes. "But I do love you," she whispered. "I'm changed. I'm grown up. I feel I know what love is for the first time in my life. I can love you the way you mean—that is, if you really don't want me to go—"

"Want you to go, Didi?" He released her hands and drew her into his arms, against the steady beat of his heart. "But never. Besides there's a job to be done in which only you can help me. With this high courage of yours we can catch these spies you've met. Captain Bartlett can take my place to-night. Remember what I said to you once? 'A woman should be a soldier to be a soldier's wife?' Well, now we'll prove it—together!"

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MAKE THIS TEST Drop a Bayer's Aspirin Tablet into a glass of water. In a seconds, by the time it hits the bottom of the glass, it is disintegrating. See for yourself this way why Bayer's Aspirin acts so quickly.

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Takes but four minutes to do . . . in these THREE EASY STEPS: 1. Run a wet comb through your hair to damp it. 2. Brush a few drops of VELMOL through the hair. 3. Then arrange waves and curls with fingers and comb—just as you wish.

"Damp-set" your hair regularly, and you'll always have deep, firm waves, lustrous, natural-looking, silky-soft, never "stiff" or oily.

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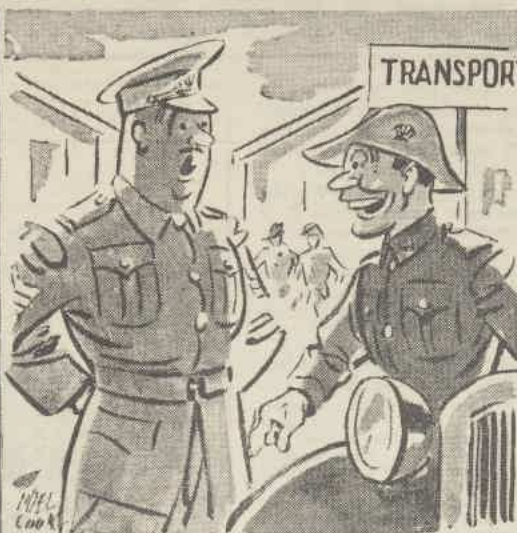


Style by Norman Flohm Salon

HE who laughs LAST



"Jock, you are making an awful noise."
"Sorry, dear, I'll take off my boots right away."



"Sorry, Sarge, and all that, but I ran over a fellow."
"Good heavens, was it serious?"
"No! Just scratched a little paintwork off my bike."



"I'm wondering what to buy for my wife's birthday."
"Ask her."
"Good heavens, I couldn't afford that!"

Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

PATIENT (in military hospital):
Doctor said you'd look after me like a mother, nurse. Mother used to kiss me good night, you know!

SHE (visiting camp): I like Joe. He has that firmness of character that enables a man to go on and do his duty in the face of ingratitude, criticism and ridicule!
He: Yes, he's the camp cook!

"DID you clean your boots this morning?" asked the school-master of a small boy.
"No," replied the boy.
"No what?" thundered the school-master.
"No polish!" meekly replied the boy.

"HOW'S your wife getting on with her motor-driving?"
"She took a turn for the worse yesterday."

It was late afternoon. Mrs. Brown approached her cook.
"I know it's the third time this week, Mary," she said, "but my husband has just phoned from the golf club that he's bringing three friends home to dinner. How long will you need to get ready?"
"I'm ready now," replied Mary. "I packed my trunk the last time it happened."

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"Aren't you ashamed? A great big cow like you giving such a little drop of milk."

Unshrinkable children's woollies



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Send coupon for your FREE copy of "1941 Style Guide" in hand knit-
wear!

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STOPS BAD COUGH

one dose



Breaks up Heavy Cold . . . Three Doses

Triple-Acting Canadian Treatment . . . Working on Entirely New Principle . . . for really bad Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Croup, Whooping Cough—where ordinary remedies fail.

Pour yourself a teaspoon of Buckley's CANADIOL Mixture. Let it lie on your tongue a moment . . . then swallow slowly.

Feel instant, powerful action spread through throat, head, lungs. Soothes raw membranes; calms exhausted nerve ends. Makes breathing free and easy! Buckley's is the great cough medicine in all Canada—where icy winter hazards often cut off medical aid—and many a life depends on swift, positive relief! Now at all Chemists and Stores.

A SINGLE SIP PROVES IT

Buckley's CANADIOL MIXTURE

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney

The Australian Women's Weekly—Notice to Contributors

Manuscripts and pictures will be considered. A stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed if the return of the manuscript or picture is desired. Manuscripts and pictures will only be received at sender's risk, and the proprietors of The

Australian Women's Weekly will not be responsible in the event of loss.

Prizes: Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions the Editor's decision is final.

An Editorial

MAY 17, 1941

BACK FROM MALAYA



IN this issue are some historic pictures of the A.I.F. in Malaya with the famous Sultan of Johore. These were despatched by air mail just before our representatives, Adele Shelton Smith and Wilfred Brindle, left Malaya on the return trip to Australia.

Their departure brought to a triumphant close a venture unique in Australian journalism — the sending of a woman to write for women of how Australian troops are faring on service overseas.

Our representatives had the fullest official co-operation both in Australia and Malaya. Their tour was a tremendous success.

Pictures and stories about it have gone to London and New York, where they caused a sensation by their freshness and intimacy.

Congratulatory letters have poured in to this office from mothers, wives, and sweethearts who found in the stories and pictures from Malaya the domestic glimpses of their menfolk for which they had longed.

We know how much the tour has meant to the women of Australia, but it has been more than a source of comfort to them.

The visit of someone from home proved a real joy to the troops in Malaya, who riotously welcomed our representatives everywhere.

Eager for recent news from Australia and delighted to talk to an Australian woman again, the men also knew how welcome informal, cheery stories about themselves would be at home.

It was a costly, ambitious, and revolutionary undertaking, and The Australian Women's Weekly is proud that it has been so abundantly useful.

—THE EDITOR.

Letters from our Boys

THOSE "little bits" you read to friends from letters of husband, son or sweetheart in the fighting forces will interest and comfort other Australians through this page.

The Australian Women's Weekly invites readers to send in copies of or extracts from letters. A payment of 2/6 will be made for each extract published. Contributors should state if they wish their own names or the letter-writers' names to be published.

A sopper in the Middle East to a friend in Yeppoon, Central Queensland:

"I HAVE seen some strange things happen in the battles. I saw a little bird busy hunting his breakfast while a Bren gun was firing right alongside. I saw a rabbit come hopping across from a 'strong post' that soldiers were attacking. 'I also saw a soldier lying prone behind a stone wall with shells whizzing overhead. Stretcher-bearers rushed to pick him up, and a cursing soldier woke from a deep sleep, wanting to know what all the fuss was about, and couldn't a bloke get a bit of sleep without every darn fool waking him?'"

Petty-Officer Chas. Avent in H.M.A.S. Stuart in the Mediterranean to his wife at Box Hill, Vic.:

"AFTER chasing the Italian fleet all day we came upon them at 10 o'clock at night and after our battleship had blasted one of their cruisers to nothing in a few seconds she turned away and left the destroyers to go in and attack.

"I had a grandstand view of the fight and our tiny destroyer just kicked them to pieces. I counted five ships blazing round us at one time. As shells hit them we could see their men jump overboard.

"At one time our little ship on her own had an enemy cruiser on either side of her—they with their triple turret guns, us with our single guns.

"They should have made 'mincemeat' of us.

"We claim as our 'bag' one cruiser and one destroyer, besides hits on other ships. When survivors were picked up later, one of our ships pulled a German aboard, and as he stepped on board he clicked his heels, gave the Nazi salute and 'Heil Hitler.'"

Private David Harris in the Middle East, formerly of Ballidu, to his sister in West Australia:

"IT seems such a long time since the ship sailed from home. The boys sing a song that describes my feelings nicely. It goes:

"When I get my civvie clothes on
Oh, how happy I will be;
When this bloody war is over,
No more soldiering for me."

"The other day I walked along the beach where once the city of Ascalon stood. I saw the statue of Atlas holding the world on his shoulders.

"Do you remember that at school we used to act a play in which I was Atlas?

"I have not been in any fighting yet, but I consider myself an old soldier now because of the air raids I have been in.

"I don't jump six feet in the air now or duck when a splinter goes whizzing over my head. The old soldiers used to laugh at me when I ducked.

"They said: 'Don't worry about the one you can hear. It is gone. The one you don't hear gets you, and that's the one to worry about.'"

Winnie the War Winner



"I heard last night that diamonds come out of mines."

Private Jim McPherson in Egypt to his mother, Mrs. M. McPherson, at 38 Belgrave Rd., East Malvern, Vic.:

"THE sergeant-major and I went looking for a truck which was lost. When we got about 30 miles into the desert our steering gear broke. To make things worse we had lost our rations.

"The S.M. set out for the nearest town, 22 miles away, leaving me in charge of the truck. I slept in it, expecting to wake up and find my throat cut.

"Next morning an Arab came and asked for tea and sugar. I told him I had nothing. He then asked me to his camp to have 'mungaree,' which means food.

"He made me take all the gear off the truck, telling me by signs that if I left it other Arabs would steal it.

"So off we went, the Arab carrying the heaviest things.

"When he made me tea I nearly burst out laughing. Not a cup, but a glass about the size of a medicine glass. There were only three glasses and eight people, so we took turns.

"For the evening meal we had rice, concentrated tomato and spice, all mixed up, not forgetting some dirt. This was served in two big bowls, the Chief and I sharing the one I had washed in earlier in the day.

"At night we all slept in two-thirds of the tent and the goats and sheep slept in the other part.

"I stayed with them two days, and on the third we set out for the town. The sergeant-major had gone to, but about seven miles out we met one of our trucks. Was I glad to see it! We went back and fixed mine and returned to camp."

Private R. Smith in Malaya to his wife, Court House Hotel, Boorowa, N.S.W.:

"YOU would laugh at the way the natives catch monkeys. 'They get a coconut and cut a small piece out of the side, empty the milk out and put some rice in it.

"Along comes the old monk, puts his hand in, closes it on the rice, and then can't get his hand out.

"He hasn't got enough sense to open his hand and pull it out.

"Then the natives pounce on him. You can buy a monkey for 1 dollar 50 cents."

A driver in the Middle East to a friend in Carnegie, Vic.:

"WE are camped near a lot of Italian farmers. Quite friendly they are, too.

"I was awakened at 3 a.m. the other day, and when I sat up there were three men and two women at the back of my truck waving their arms and talking Italian.

"I thought I was being invaded for a while, but after much talking and crying from the women they made me understand they wanted me to take them somewhere. Then there was another half-hour's talk and at last they conveyed to me that one of the women a few doors down the road had decided to populate the country, and they wanted me to get them a doctor.

"I had to drive about ten miles to get the doc. However, by daylight we had a bouncing bambina (baby girl) among us, both mother and daughter progressing well."

Private S. Cue in Palestine to his cousin in Sydney:

"THANK you very much for the papers.

"My crowd are still reading the earlier one you sent, for papers are very welcome to us. Although we are so far away (and, believe me, it seems a darn long way from home), the papers seem to fill in the empty spots in our hearts.

"To-day is a glorious day, and we can see for miles over the hills. Just near our camp we can see the old trenches where the A.I.F. fought in the last war.

"The road beside our line is one of the oldest in the world, the road along which Mary and Joseph fled. Further along the road in the township is Samson's tomb.

"I have photos in my album which some day I hope to show you, but I wish my pen could tell you of all there is to see."

Private J. H. Chataway in Darwin to his cousin in Mackay, Qld.:

"OUR company took part in manoeuvres on a beach some miles out of town.

"We arrived after the morning's march, lathered in sweat. Muggins peels his shirt off and gets a cold.

"At night after our work was finished I prepared my bed in sand, with one blanket and my rifle and equipment alongside.

"But talk about sleep! Listen to this: Firstly, hermit crabs were on the prowl, sandflies out for anything they could get, mosquitoes were in hundreds. Flying foxes squeaked all night in the trees above, wallabies thudded about, and the moon shone like a flashlight.

"But that was nothing. I was on sentry duty and kept watch on and off all night!"

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY ... By WEP



Dear Mother

Being the unique despatches home of Private Willie, a young army recruit

By DOUGLAS COMPTON-JAMES

Dear Mother,

Just a few lines to let you know how I am getting along in my new job. It's not so dusty but I'd just as soon be driving the old refuse lorry for the council. I am writing this in the Y.M.C.A. as I have got 48 hours off duty, on account of being vaccinated.

You ought to have heard what the sergeant said when I told him I was supposed to be a vaccination objector. He taught me something and as praps you wouldn't know I been through some pretty good schools of langwidge not counting homework.

Anyway even when I told the M.O.—that's army for your lodge doctor—that more people died from vaccination every year than from typhoid he just laughed and said well if vaccination kills a man of your perfection I'll write it up in the medical paper and you'll be famous. Fat lot of good that'd do me, I says, with six feet to lie down in stead of two to stand up on.

So then be christens me three times with a needle. Straight I couldn't see nothing to object to vaccination.

They was nothing to the scratches I've had from torn dustbins and cats what get shut inside them, but blime you should have seen my arm next morning talk about Eugene Samson it was as big as yours old dear.

That reminds me, they make you wash your sox and pants once a week here how do you know when they've washed a pair of sox clean they look different somehow when they're wet. We arrived in camp quite safely

me and Sid. We are living in a kind of amusement park near the beach. The place was commanded by the army when war broke out and took for barrax. We live in the dance-hall what was, it's a bit drafty and it's a big place to sweep up every morning but that's an easy fatigue—which is army for dirty work—compared to some we get.

However this place is pretty good for dodging fatigues. Having learnt the ropes we fade away by moonlight. Only there ain't no moonlight. Once we found an old carriage what fitted the figure 8 so we shoved it up to the top and had a joy-ride. Blime the noise turned the whole town out, they thought it was an air raid.

We've got a good place for playing nap on Sunday mornings. I didn't know that my first Sunday that I had to go to church, so they copped me for a fatigue worse nor that which was scrubbing out the recreation room. Crumbs, it was about an inch deep in mud and now I know what you mean by many waters.

Mobilise charladies!

I ASK you what's the good of getting women to join up and giving them posh uniforms when real soldiers like me and Sid has to go down on their hambones scrubbing.

Why don't they mobilise a few battalions of charladies to do that kind of work. The prime minister is quite right, there's a lot of things to think about when you go in for a war.

When we got here a corporal, he has two stripes, took us to the quarter-blokes's stores, I ain't quite sure what he is yet he looks like an officer but don't wear no collar or tie. We was fitted out with



"THEY MAKE you wash your sox once a week how do you know when you've washed a pair of sox clean they look different somehow when they're wet."

uniforms and a lot of harness they call equipment. Some of the pieces ain't half got funny names, the piece of stuff you hang your bayonet on when you ain't using it for cleaning your finger-nails is called a frog, search me why, it don't even look like a tadpole.

I must say I don't like the new uniform very much, when I go to get something out of the patch pocket on my trousers I feel like a tart diving for her hankie.

My uniform is a bit on the small side but the chap said that would be all right because the army would soon take off my excess profits. Sid's uniform is a bit too big and the chap told him it was a good fault as army life would soon help him to fill it out. One way he's an oh-myer but I ain't quite sure which way yet.

Anyway, I don't suppose my mauve suit with the pin stripe will fit me when we've licked the Nasties. Old Hitler might have waited till I'd had some wear out of it. However, that's no reason why young Bert should wear it and that goes for my mac too.

After we got fitted out we dumped our stuff in the dance-hall and went to a stable where we got what is called a donkey's breakfast, ha ha, that means an armful of straw to stuff in a bag to make a mattress with. Donkey's breakfast, that's good ain't it, ha ha.

Anyway the mattress is laid on three planks what rest on two trestles and that's your bed only it's my bed. Some of the fellows just sleep on the floor it saves making beds and you ain't got so far to fall in case of accidents, the point of this will be aperient shortly.

In a quandary

I WAS not quite sure how many clothes you was supposed to take off in the army so I sat on the edge of the bed and watched the other fellows.

The chap next to me on the other side from Sid never even took his boots off. I axed him why and he said it might be so's no one could pinch em and it might be in case the roof leaked and filled em full of water, he'd been caught both ways before and some others as well.

Another bloke chips in and says take a little off as possible you never know when they'll get you up in the middle of the night. What for, I asks. Oh, he says, it might be for fire-drill, and it might be for air-raid practice, but mostly they get you up just for blinkin' fun.

Sid said he never slept a wink all night but I heard him bangaloring whenever I woke up which was pretty often as pieces of straw kept sticking in my bearskin. Sid said he felt like a mountain on a pimple but that was his own greedy fault he stuffed his bag so full of straw his mattress looked like a kitbag, whatbag, kitbag (that's an army joke I'll tell you when I come home on furlough as this letter might be opened by the censor).

Anyway we was both pretty soundo when revally went next morning, that's the alarm-clock only it's a bugle, they blow bugles for pretty near everything in the army

PRIVATE WILLIE

I thought I'd sat down in a rat trap.

However, cookhouse has just blown that means it's dinner time and I ain't sorry. I got writer's cramp in one arm and the other is aching like billyo through vaccination so I will close now hoping this finds you as it leaves me at present and I will tell you some more next week.

Your loving son,

Willie

P.S. for heaven's sake don't call me Willie on the envelope. (Another letter from Private Willie next week.)

Get Rid of Your CORNS

Painlessly With
Zam-Buk

WHY let those obstinate corns continue to pain and cripple you? Just follow this easy Zam-Buk treatment and you will soon go about with happy, care-free feet.

Night and morning give your feet a thorough soaking in hot water. Then after drying, rub Zam-Buk Ointment well in, especially round the edges and on the tops of the corns. The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are readily absorbed and immediately start

Loosening Corns at the Roots

In a few days you will find that you can ease your corns out from their roots without any pain, and you will again know the joy of easy, comfortable feet.

Zam-Buk also relieves pain, swelling and foot soreness, grows new skin and wonderfully strengthens ankles, joints, toes, and feet. Don't suffer another day—get a box of Zam-Buk—there's nothing like it.

1/7 or 3/8 All chemists and stores.



Navy, Army or Air Force.

Wherever he is serving, he will welcome Zam-Buk. So don't forget to slip a box into your next parcel.



Use ZAM-BUG Regularly

Buckley's WINTROL RUB



for
CHILDREN'S CHEST COLDS

Mothers... here's the new, different, Canadian Cream Rub for children's colds and chest congestion... for years successfully safeguarding children in blizzard Canada... now Australian-made by makers of Buckley's Canadiol Mixture.

NEW, 3-WAY "THERMAL" ACTION

A short brisk rub on throat and chest and this glowing "thermal" cream starts breaking up congestion, relieves "tight" feeling, colds, aches and soreness... makes the little one warm and comfortable. Even the worst chest colds, sore throats, yield like magic... often overnight... to Buckley's Wintrol RUB.

Greaseless—stainless—rubs in quicker, penetrates deeper, acts faster. Give your child quicker, more positive relief with this new "thermal" treatment... ask your chemist or store for Buckley's Wintrol RUB.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.



FREE GIFTS

to delight a woman's heart

THERE'S A REAL thrill when you collect your free gift from the Vita-Brits seals that you have been saving. Every article in the big range of high quality gifts is something useful and really worth having. Buy Vita-Brits — the crisp, crunchy breakfast cereal that is packed full of nourishment, and start saving the seals today.



SAUCEPAN, 11 pt., strong aluminium. Save 20 large seals or 90 small seals. Post. and pack, 1/3.



KETTLE, strong aluminium. Save 60 large seals or 180 small seals. Post. and pack, 1/9.



BREAD KNIFE, stainless steel, serrated edge. Save 24 large seals or 72 small seals. Post. and pack, 6d.



BROOM-HEAD — strong hair bristles. Save 60 large seals or 180 small seals. Post. & pack, 1/6.



CASSEROLE, round Pyrex. Save 100 large seals or 300 small seals. Post. and pack, 1/9.



TOWEL, coloured design, quick drying. Save 24 large seals or 72 small seals. Post. and pack, 6d.



TABLE KNIFE, stainless steel. Save 20 large seals or 60 small seals. Post. and pack, 3d.



TEA TOWEL, all linen. Save 15 large seals or 45 small seals. Post. and pack, 3d.



COLANDER, strong aluminium. Save 36 large seals or 108 small seals. Post. and pack, 1/6.

OVER 300 GIFTS TO CHOOSE FROM—

The high quality and useful articles pictured at left are typical of the gifts you get in exchange for the seals which you will find on the side of every Vita-Brits packet. The gift range includes fancy goods, household linen, kitchenware, cutlery, crockery, china and glassware. All these gifts are displayed at the Gift Showrooms where you can inspect in comfort and at your leisure.

VITA-BRITS

THE MORNING, NOON & NIGHT CEREAL

HOW TO GET YOUR GIFTS—At the Vita-Brits Gift Showrooms, all the gifts are clearly displayed and marked with their exchange values. By bringing the necessary number of seals to the Showrooms, you can take immediate delivery of the gift you prefer. If you live out of town, you can have your gift forwarded to you by sending in the necessary seals to the Showrooms, together with (1) your name and address, (2) details of the gift you prefer, (3) necessary postage and packing charge. The large (24 oz.) packets of Vita-Brits carry a large seal. The small (12 oz.) packets carry a small seal. In exchange values for gifts, three small seals equal one large seal.

VITA-BRITS GIFT SHOWROOMS

Sydney: 263 Castlereagh St. (Opp. Mark Foy's) **Wollongong:** Coupon Gift Centre, Crown St.
Newcastle: Coupon Gift Centre, Hunter St. **Lithgow:** Coupon Gift Centre, Main Street.
Cessnock: Coupon Gift Centre, Vincent St. **West Maitland:** Coupon Gift Centre, High St.
Parramatta: Coupon Gift Centre, Macquarie Street.

★
To get your gifts quicker, combine your Crispies seals with the seals from the packets of Vita-Brits and Spry's Cornflakes.



A STOVE ASKS NO MORE THAN THIS



A few minutes of brisk polishing and Zebo Liquid Stove Polish cleans and polishes in one simple operation. Whisk! Off with stubborn stains and scorches! Use Zebo straight from the tin—just shake a little on to a cloth or brush, there's no waste, no hard work. Zebo is all you need to keep stoves and grates sparkling—without a trace of dullness. Ask your Grocer for Zebo Liquid Stove Polish.

ZEBO

LIQUID
STOVE POLISH

Also ZEBRA in Paste and Packets

PEARS' soap is different

Judged by appearance alone Pears' Soap is different... you can look right into the heart of a tablet. Even its fragrance is distinctive... it comes from the pure soap itself. You cannot mistake Pears' for any other soap—or any other soap for Pears'.

Pears' ORIGINAL TRANSPARENT SOAP

12.206.33 A. & F. PEARS PTY. LTD.

Quick Pile Relief

Dr. Leonhardt's Vacuoid is guaranteed to banish any form of pile misery, or money back. It gives quick action even in old, stubborn cases. Vacuoid is a harmless tablet that removes blood congestion in the lower bowel—the cause of piles. It brings joyful relief quickly and safely or costs nothing. Chemists everywhere sell it with this guarantee.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

Ankles Swollen, Backache, Nervous, Kidneys Strained?

If you're feeling out of sorts, Get Up Night, or suffer from Dizziness, Nervousness, Backache, Leg Pains, Rheumatism, Swollen Ankles, Burning Passages, Excess Acidity, or Loss of Energy and feel old before your time, Kidney and Bladder Weakness may be the true cause.

Wrong foods and drinks, worry, colds or overwork may create an excess of acids and place a heavy strain on your kidneys so that they function poorly and need help to properly refresh your blood and maintain health and energy.

Help Kidneys Doctors' Way

Many Doctors have discovered by scientific clinical tests and in actual practice that a quick and modern way to help the kidneys clean out excess poisons and acids is with a scientifically prepared prescription.

Women also Serve.



JOHN, JOAN AND FAY VARLEY, whose father is on active service abroad, wait at Travellers' Aid Society with Miss K. Royston while their mother meets a relative at an incoming train.

War work increases duties of Travellers' Aid Society

NO appeal for help is ever turned down by the staff of the Travellers' Aid at the Central Railway Station, Sydney.

From the R.A.A.F. young man who left a picture of his fiancée and asked the Travellers' Aid staff to meet her as he was suddenly called on duty to the distraught A.I.F. widower who arrived with luggage for eight seeking help for his little boys, every day is a busy day at the depot.

On May 16 a Public Appeal Day will be launched in Sydney to raise funds for the society, which, with its extra work for service men and their dependents, urgently requires more helpers.

Miss Margaret Allan, organising secretary for the society, is directing the appeal for which collections will be made at Central Station, Circular Quay, and all electric train stations in the metropolitan area.

"We now have so many inquiries from service men who want their families met that we find it difficult to manage with our present staff," said Miss Allan.

Many inquiries

EVERY day in our lists we have reports of inquiries that have come from soldiers, sailors and airmen, or their wives and friends.

"Not long ago a young sailor came to see us. He was expecting his wife and baby to arrive from Adelaide and had sudden orders to rejoin his ship. We were able to find accommodation for the wife and make plans for her husband to

find her address from us when he came ashore the next time.

"We found a guardian to care for ten-year-old Noela, who was travelling alone from Sydney to Perth some weeks ago. Her father is in Palestine, and Noela was being sent to an aunt for the duration.

"A week ago an English woman arrived from overseas. She had sent her two children ahead of her, and had not been able to hear from them where they were billeted in New South Wales.

"As an A.R.P. worker in London she knew the work of the Travellers' Aid, which, since the war, has established depots all over London.

"Without one friend in Sydney she came to us. We located her children for her in a few hours, and arranged for her to join them in the country the next day.

"Also we were able to have a message sent to her sailor husband who was en route to Australia from America.

"Another side of the work is the kindly sympathy which the Travellers' Aid extends to relatives of soldiers who say an revoir to their men at the station.

Relieves strain

"MANY women find the strain overwhelming, and we bring them back to the rooms where they can rest for a while until they calm down enough to go home," said Miss Allan.

"There are innumerable stories I could tell, but as we dealt with 2260 appeals last month, and 14,000 last year, the amount of work we do is obvious," she said.

"At the central depot there is a room where mothers can bath their babies and prepare bottles for them.

"There also is a rest-room where tired, frightened children can sleep while we make plans for their accommodation."

Social events for good causes

MAY 16: R.A.A.F. Dance, Grace Bros.

May 17: Concert for Marie La Varre, Red Cross Theatrical Queen, Town Hall.

May 19: Melba Memorial Concert, Town Hall, 8 p.m., for Lord Mayor's Fund.

May 20: Wine and Spirit Bait, Trocadero, for Red Cross Queen Competition.

May 23: Women's Pioneer Society Empire Day Reception.

May 23: Undergrads' Ball, Trocadero.

May 27: Card evening in aid of mobile kitchen, Feminist Club.

Donates entire fernery to aid Red Cross funds

THE presentation of the contents of her entire fernery was the unusual donation of Mrs. E. Goodwin, of Cooma (N.S.W.), to the Red Cross recently.

She sent delicate maidenhair and choice ferns of all kinds to the Cooma Red Cross Depot at the home of the president, Mrs. I. M. Wilson. They had a ready sale.

Cooma circle members also raise money by the sale of cut flowers sent in from their own gardens. Beautiful blooms come from as far afield as Mrs. A. W. Mould's station home, Midding Bank, 20 miles away. The president, Mrs. Wilson, also grows flowers in her large garden for sale for the Red Cross. Many members have planted daffodils, hyacinths and primroses for sale in the early spring.

Flowers are sold to individuals and to the hotels, which regularly give large orders.

Since last July the Cooma Circle has sent an average of £100 a month to the Red Cross. In February this year £200 was sent and in March £75, because £20 was given to Greece.

Four-year-old girl does messages for war-workers

YOUNGEST member of the Blue Mountains branch of the Lord Mayor's Patriotic and War Fund is four-year-old Thelma Sene.

When the branch meets every Wednesday in the local hall Thelma arrives with her mother, and she works from 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. with only a rest of 30 minutes for lunch.

She waits on the women who are sewing, and keeps them supplied with cut-out garments, buttons and cotton.

"She carries all the materials and does the messages," said the secretary, Mrs. A. Minnie, "and she has never complained of being tired or asked to be taken home before the work was completed."

Asthma, Bronchitis Coughing, Choking Curbed in 3 Minutes

Do you have attacks of Asthma or Bronchitis so bad that you choke and gasp for breath and can't sleep? Do you cough so hard you feel like you were being ruptured? Do you feel weak, unable to work, and have to be careful not to take cold and can't eat certain foods?

No matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried, there is now hope for you in a Doctor's prescription called Mendaco. No doses, no smokes, no injections, no stomachics. All you do is take two tasteless tablets at meals and your attacks seem to vanish like magic. In 3 minutes Mendaco starts working through your blood, aiding nature to dissolve and remove straining phlegm, promote free easy breathing and bring sound sleep the first night so that you soon feel years younger and stronger.

No Asthma in 2 Years

Mendaco not only brings almost immediate comfort and free breathing but builds up the system to ward off future attacks. For instance, J. Richards, Hamilton, Ont., Canada, had had 40 yrs. suffered coughing,

EXCITEMENT OVER NEW BEAUTY CREAM

(Dorothy Leyland tells why)



So there is something new under the sun! A beauty cream that positively does subtract years from your looks—no empty promises, mind you! If you'd like your mirror to show you a soft, supple skin—free from that wind-and-weather look—get acquainted with this new type of cream, SKIN DEEP.

Non-Alkaline—An Absolute Breakaway.

Notice, I said new type of cream—not just a new cream. Skin Deep is non-alkaline, the first and only cream of its kind. For beauty's greatest debt to science is the recent discovery that skin needs a non-alkaline cream.

Absorbed by the skin 87% more.

SKIN DEEP actually goes skin deep, to enrich the tissues below the surface of your skin. Glorious for your nightly beauty treatment (not to be neglected in this drying climate) because SKIN DEEP doesn't leave your face "all greased up", but dewy and refreshed.

Skin Deep

Atkinsons... London... Sydney

A.13.37



END CONSTIPATION THIS NATURAL WAY

You can end constipation naturally, promptly, effectively with NYAL FIGSEN. Figsen is a pleasant-tasting laxative. Chew one or two tablets before retiring. Figsen acts overnight without disturbing your sleep. No stomach upsets, no gripping pain. In the morning Figsen acts—mildly, gently, but thoroughly. Figsen is equally good for young and old. Sold by chemists everywhere. 1/3d a tin. The next best thing to Nature...

Nyal Figsen FOR CONSTIPATION

Holds My FALSE TEETH Tighter and Longer

I've tried several kinds of powders to hold my false teeth. When I tried FASTEETH I found the one powder that does not thin out or wash away, but "stays put" all day. It gives a most pleasant feeling, a real sense of security. Breath always pleasant. If anyone with loose-fitting false teeth wants all-day comfort and real stay-there fit, get FASTEETH at any chemist (2 sizes). Refuse substitutes.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

CONQUERS ASTHMA

Mendaco

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I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

Constipation Stopped by a food.

Is constipation becoming so chronic that you're now forced to take harsh purges nearly every day?

Those harsh purges have been irritating the system into action—making your condition increasingly worse. The real cause of constipation is lack of "bulk" in everyday diet. That's why it takes a food to bring normal, natural regularity.

Kellogg's All-Bran, a crisp, nut-sweet breakfast cereal is specially prepared to make up for lack of bulk in modern, over-refined meals. It gives the bowels the "bulk" they need and so brings about a normal, natural movement. Start breakfast with two tablespoonsful, ready to eat with milk and sugar, and you'll be regular in a week.

ONE WEEK LATER

This is real relief—Kellogg's All-Bran acts naturally—Not like harsh purges.



Relieve Tired Eyes

A drop of Murine in each eye is the modern way to soothe, cleanse, refresh. Ask your chemist for

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End Eczema Tortures Forever

No Need to Suffer Another Day

There is one simple yet inexpensive way to stop the itching and torture of eczema instantly, and that is to apply Moore's Emerald Oil night and morning, and people who suffer any embarrassing or disgusting skin trouble would be wise to banish it before it reaches a more or less chronic stage. Ask any chemist for an original two-ounce bottle of Moore's Emerald Oil (full strength) and refuse to accept anything in its place. It is such a highly concentrated preparation that two ounces last a long time.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.



PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

★★★ KITTY FOYLE

(Week's Best Release.)

Ginger Rogers, Dennis Morgan, James Craig. (RKO.)

HERE is the film of the Christopher Morley best-seller which is the current serial in The Australian Women's Weekly.

It is also the film in which Ginger Rogers in the title role won the 1940 award as the year's best dramatic actress.

As Kitty Foyle Ginger gives a realistic picture of a modern girl, her most memorable scene being that in which she learns of the death of her baby.

The film differs from the original in several episodes, but keeps to the essential.

The film calls it the natural history of woman. More explicitly, it is the story of Kitty Foyle, who loves Wyn Strafford, a member of Philadelphia's exclusive society, and the struggles of her reason against this love.

For she realises in her heart that marriage to Wyn must mean unhappiness for them both.

This story is told in retrospect with comments from Kitty's mirrored image. The method is certainly novel, and gives the autobiographical touch of the book. The film runs just on two hours. Many of the early scenes drag a little, but half-way through the film really begins to grip.

A word for the two young men, Dennis Morgan (Wyn Strafford) and James Craig (Mark Elsen). They are both good looking, likeable, and give competent performances.

It is an unusual, appealing human drama.—Regent; showing.

★★ NICE GIRL?

Deanna Durbin, Franchot Tone. (Universal.)

AT nineteen, the bride of Vaughn Paul, Deanna Durbin might be said to have reached adult status.

In this musical, her ninth for Universal, the enchanting young singer takes her first real step towards glamor.

For most of the film she is the dewy-eyed, unspoiled, gingham-clad sub-deb, but for just one sequence she appears exotically gowned—the poised sophisticate.

Comedian Robert Benchley plays a small-town professor with three daughters—incorrigible Ann Gillis, stagestruck Anne Gwynne, and Deanna Durbin, who is tired of being a "nice girl."

When Franchot Tone visits her home, she tries to prove herself a "femme fatale."

Although Deanna's transition from

sub-deb, to this more adult role probably proved a headache for the studio, the young star has lost none of her youthful sparkle. Her singing is again superb, particularly in the hitting new number, "Thank You, America."—State; showing.

★ YOUNG PEOPLE

Shirley Temple, Jack Oakie, Charlotte Greenwood. (Twentieth Century-Fox.)

A LIGHT-AS-AIR story, this film opens as a typical back-stage musical comedy, with Jack Oakie and Charlotte Greenwood playing a vaudeville team.

Twelve-year-old Shirley Temple appears as an orphan, entrusted to the care of Jack and Charlotte, and becomes part of their act.

The trio save up sufficient money for a farm in the country, but they have a difficult time winning the affection of the narrow-minded local inhabitants.

Young people will still love Shirley, though she seems a little camera-conscious.

Though the story is flimsy, genial Jack Oakie and comedienne Charlotte Greenwood keep it moving—Shirley Temple with brunette curls is no longer a child wonder.—Plaza; showing.



MYSTERY MAN of Hollywood, Orson Welles has finished his first picture for RKO, "Citizen Kane," which film he produced, wrote and in which played the leading role.

★ YOU'RE THE ONE

Bonnie Baker, Orrin Tucker. (Paramount.)

MAIN interest in this film is that it marks the screen debut of Orrin Tucker and the diminutive singer, Bonnie Baker.

The story deals mainly with radio broadcasting and the attempts of a dithering agent, Edward Everett

Our Film Gradings

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

Horton, to sign up Miss Baker with Albert Dekker's band. After a good deal of horse-play and crazy situations the tiny singer joins Tucker's rival orchestra.

It seems a pity that two such popular stars as Baker and Tucker should be given such poor material, for the director has made little attempt at a coherent story. And I seem to have heard those wise-cracks somewhere before.—Cameo and Capitol; showing.

Documentary

AUSTRALIA AT WAR

March of Time. (RKO.) IN "Australia at War," March of Time presents a complete eighteen-minute survey of this country in all its wartime phases.

The earlier views embrace the lighter side of our life, giving glimpses of the people at work and at play.

Besides presenting a panorama of Australia's war effort to-day, this film shows how the Far Eastern crisis centres around our island continent.

Seeing ourselves through American eyes is certainly a novel experience. And this "March of Time" is a factual, interesting account of Australia to-day in its many aspects—with emphasis on the war effort.—Regent; showing.

Shows Still Running

★★★ Philadelphia Story. Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, James Stewart in delightful modern comedy.—Liberty; 5th week.

★★ North-West Mounted Police. Gary Cooper, Madeleine Carroll in spectacular Canadian adventure in technicolor.—Prince Edward; 6th week.

★★ Boom Town. Clark Gable, Claudette Colbert, Spencer Tracy, Hedy Lamarr in entertaining oil-fields melodrama.—St. James; 5th week.

★★ Under Your Hat. Cicely Courtneidge, Jack Hulbert in joyous English farce.—Embassy; 3rd week.

★★ So Ends Our Night. Fredric March, Margaret Sullivan in finely-acted anti-Nazi drama.—Mayfair; 2nd week.

★★ Hudson's Bay. Paul Muni, John Sutton in absorbing adventure of early Canada.—Century; 2nd week.

Here's hot news from all the studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES in New York and Barbara Bourchier in Hollywood

EXCITING news for children and adults, too, is the forthcoming production of "The Life and Stories of Hans Christian Andersen." The film will be a combination of cartoons by Walt Disney together with technicolor photography of real actors. The life story of Andersen will be portrayed, and many of the fairytales themselves as well.

GENE AUTRY relates that director "Woody" van Dyke, now a major in U.S. forces, invariably says "Cut" when he wants his troops to halt.

SINCE MGM announced that it is going to retire Andy Hardy's famous old car, hundreds of offers for the rattletrap have come to the studio.

This was the famous automobile that Mickey Rooney, as Andy Hardy, drove in three different Hardy family films. It was decorated on the door with Andy's initials, like this: AH! The lowest offer was £3/10/- . . .

which is about what it is worth. However, one man agreed to pay £175 for the car, for its value as a souvenir. The studio has not yet decided what to do with it.

ROBERT CUMMINGS has invited friends to inspect the new swimming pool he has built at his ranch home.

AFTER all these years, Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontaine declare they are not averse to making a motion picture, provided the title will be "There Shall Be No Night." The Robert Sherwood play was one of the first to attack the Nazi menace boldly.

The Lunts have toured with it throughout America and think so highly of it that they would like to see it filmed as well, so that every American may have the chance to see it.

BINNIE BARNES smokes a pipe; and she startles everyone on the set when she asks the prop man if he has any tobacco for her. She seems to enjoy it.

SOME say the Chaplins are due for a split any day. Yet Charlie is supposed to be working on a new film with a really big part in it for Paulette. He is very proud of her cinema achievements, and disclaims any credit for what she has accomplished.

WALLACE BEERY is in love, and doesn't mind admitting it. He says that he proposes marriage to the lady of his dreams every day. So far she has refused him just as regularly. "But I'm not giving up," says Wally. "I'm no fool."

Mrs. Loretta Robinson is the object of his attention. She is a wealthy New York widow, not an actress, but beautiful.

A NUMBER of attractive dresses worn by the stars in their recent pictures were recently auctioned in Hollywood to raise funds for the British War Relief Society.

Among them were one of the dresses worn by Deanna Durbin in "Spring Parade" and the black chiffon parasol used by Marlene Dietrich in "Seven Sinners."

Also donated to the auction were five of Dorothy Lamour's sarongs and Vivien Leigh's blue chiffon scarf, silver lorgnette and pink organdie bonnet worn in her coming picture, "That Hamilton Woman."



Why is she so romantic — so attractive — so different?

From the first dance to the last encore she remains her cool, captivating self. She has a Creme Simon complexion. But why envy her—when you can so easily make yours "different" too?

CREME SIMON, the different skin-food used a different way—while your face is damp. Its gentle tonic action keeps skin firm, supple, smooth.

CRÈME SIMON

CRÈME SIMON PRODUCTS ARE UNIVERSALLY FAMOUS



Why it is DIFFERENT . . .

Why it needs a SPECIAL Shampoo

How to keep it shining—always

Blonde hair is different. It is distinctive. It spells personality—charm— allure. It lifts you out of the crowd and gives you extra attractiveness. Men look twice.

Never sacrifice this—your natural advantage. Never let your blonde hair darken. Keep it fair always with Sta-Blond. And if your hair has darkened, Sta-Blond will bring back its former fair golden sparkle, and with it will come back lost fascination, beauty and appeal. For Sta-Blond is made specially for blondes—it succeeds where ordinary shampoo fail.

Sta-Blond is safe. No dyes or irritating bleaches. Its precious Vioflour nourishes roots.

NOT A LUXURY—BUT A NECESSITY AND AN ECONOMY FOR NATURAL BLONDE HAIR

STA-BLOND
THE BLONDES OWN SHAMPOO

Sleepless Nights?

You can Build up your Nerves with New Concentrated Tonic Tablets, and Sleep like a Child.

Don't turn to drugs to make you sleep . . . get at the cause of your sleepless nights—*iron out nerves!* What you need is a short course of Phosphorated Iron—a scientific combination of organic iron, phosphorus and other special nerve-tonic elements concentrated in easy-to-take tablets.

Phosphorated Iron seems to send new rich nourishing blood straight to starved nerve cells, calms and strengthens jumpy, weak and run-down nerves, and quickly builds fresh reserves of nerve force. In a short time you'll feel stronger, eat better and once more enjoy restful relaxed sleep.

Decide now to build up your nerves and do away with the worry and torture of sleepless nights. Ask your chemist for Phosphorated Iron to-day.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

The Movie World

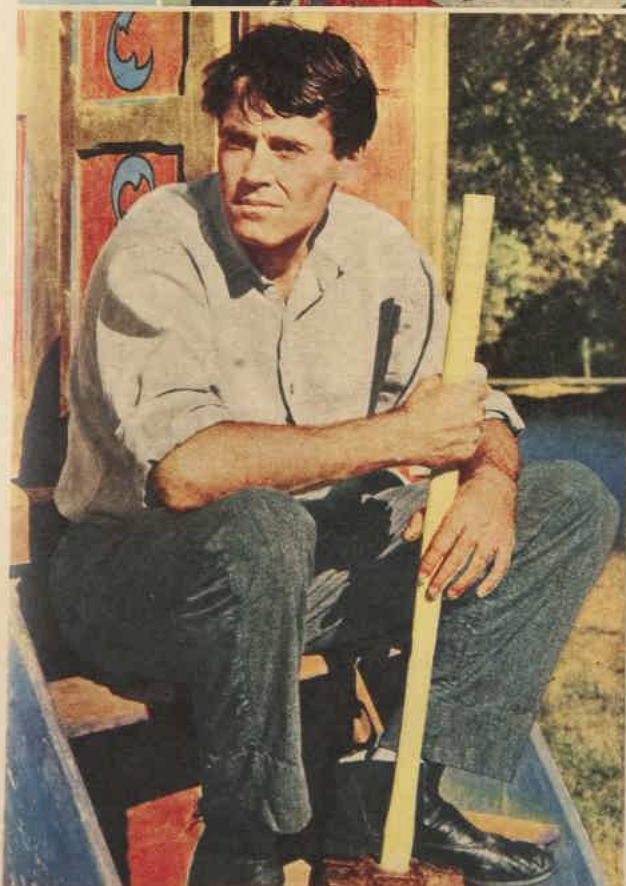
May 17, 1941

The Australian Women's Weekly

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◻ CIRCUS QUEEN (above) Dorothy Lamour, gaudily attired, plays a bareback rider in Twentieth Century-Fox's technicolor drama, "Chad Hanna." This film is based on the best-seller, "Red Wheels Rolling," a story of a travelling circus in the 'eighties in New York State. In it the glittering Lamour captivates—

◻ STABLE-BOY Chad Hanna (left), Henry Fonda, who joins the outfit as rouseabout just to be near Lamour. Co-starring with Fonda and Lamour is Linda Darnell, playing a gentle waif who turns circus-rider to escape her brutal father—and becomes the imperious Lamour's rival in love as well as in the sawdust ring.



● Producer Frank Ross (centre) introduces Robert Cummings to Mrs. Frank Ross (Jean Arthur), whom Bob woos in Jean's new film.



● Dentist Dr. Francis Griffen (right) attends a first night at a Hollywood theatre with wife Irene Dunne.



● Agent Leland Hayward talks to his client and wife, Margaret Sullivan, while Charles Boyer just listens in.

Hollywood's FORGOTTEN MEN

From JOAN McLEOD in Hollywood

DO the names of Henry Clay Dunham, Edward Lindsay-Hogg, Maurice Adler, David Clyde convey anything to you?

They happen to be some of Hollywood's forgotten men—the actresses' husbands.

But, gossip columns to the contrary, these men do not spend their time playing second fiddle—in work or happiness—to the screen.

Husband of Lola Lane, Henry Clay Dunham is a prosperous stockbroker. Maurice Adler, whose wife is Anita Louise, is a brilliant scenarist—and he does not write the plots for Anita's pictures. Fay Holden, the Mrs. Hardy of the Judge Hardy pictures, has been married for nearly twenty years to David Clyde.

Inside the industry, husbands like talent-agent Johnny Maschio (husband of Constance Moore) and director Herbert Biberman (married to Gale Sondergaard) are making their success independently.

Outside the industry, the husbands are in even better case. Martha Scott may be among the brilliant new stars of 1941. But her husband, Carl Alsop, goes right on as a brilliant radio executive.

Glenda Farrell laughs if you talk of her work in the same breath as that of her husband, surgeon Dr. Henry Ross. As for Ingrid Bergman—not even a gossip columnist would suggest that her career can be linked with that of her husband, Dr. Peter Lindstrom, professor of Sweden's Academy of Medicine.



● Story editor Richard Halliday and Mrs. Halliday (singing star Mary Martin).



● Director Walter Kane takes wife Lynn Bari out dancing. He hates being photographed.

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the very great value of natural charm and personal attractiveness. You will be amazed what wonderful things correct make-up colors will do for you... how much more attractive, charming and interesting you will appear. Blonde or Brunette... Brownette or Redhead... there is a color harmony in Max Factor's Hollywood Powder, Rouge and Lipstick, originally created for Screen Star types, that will be perfectly lovely and flattering for you.

Share this make-up secret with Hollywood's Stars

Fill in the coupon below and learn from Max Factor's Hollywood the correct shades of Powder, Rouge and Lipstick recommended for your skin.

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Max Factor Normalizing Cleansing Cream "agrees" with your skin whether it is dry, oily or normal.

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Max Factor, Her Majesty's Arcade, Sydney, Australia Send Max Factor products: Rouge Sampler and Lipstick palette. I enclose stamps in stamps to cover postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Making chart and Storage Illustrated instruction book. **THE NEW ART OF SCIENTIFIC MAKEUP by Max Factor.**

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	Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Only <input type="checkbox"/>		
	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>	Normal <input type="checkbox"/>			
ADDRESS	Copper <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	LIPS		
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	Mobile <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Dry <input type="checkbox"/>		
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STATE	Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	If less than 1 year, check age, birth date and sex.		
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● Radio commentator Douglas Dawson with his new wife, Jean Parker—whose first husband, incidentally, was one George MacDonald, a newspaper man.

ISN'T THERE A MAN IN THE HOUSE?



COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH... MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!



"Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth. It helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odours that cause much bad breath. And, at the same time, Colgate's gentle polishing agent safely cleans the enamel—makes teeth naturally bright and sparkling! Always use Colgate Dental Cream—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."

LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM



NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!



6^D
MEDIUM SIZE
LARGE 1/3 SIZE
GIANT 2/3 SIZE
twice as much
as 1/3 size

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RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

Listen in to "THE YOUTH SHOW" every Wednesday night at 8.30 on 2GB, 2CA, 2HR, 2GZ, 2NZ, 2WL, 2LM, 3AW, 3HA, 3SH, 3SR, 3TR, 5DN, 5RM, 6PR, 6TZ, 7BU, 7HO, 7QT, 7LA, 7DY, 4BH, 4RO, 4GR, and on 4AY at 8.45 p.m.

THE NAVY STEPS OUT



1 RECKLESS SAILOR Coffee Cup (George Murphy) is delighted when sweetheart Dot wins job as secretary to Herrick.



2 THE FUN begins when Dot gives the correct Stephen Herrick (Edmund O'Brien) a wrestling demonstration, amusing Stephen, offending his fiancée.



3 STEPHEN'S first meeting with Coffee Cup is in a pet shop, where the hot-headed sailor leads them into a brawl, and Stephen is knocked out.



4 FINDING that he is just beginning to enjoy life, Stephen breaks a date with his fiancée and goes off on an evening's spree with Dot and Coffee Cup.



5 SUSPECTING Stephen is in love with Dot, his business manager (Henry Travers) offers Coffee Cup a job in the South Seas to get him away.



6 ANGRILY rejecting the offer, Coffee Cup takes out wedding licence for that day, then realises that Dot loves Stephen.

GLOWING
GLAMOUR



1177. Bod Jacket in
fascinating "Glo-
Warm". It's "K-
Shrunk". 11/6
Other Jacket from
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KAYSER
"Warmees"
REG.

Feminine and fetching, the autumn debutante of the Kayser fabric family makes its bow — "Glo-Warm"! Amazingly warm for anything so seductive, so sheer. Silvery silk, in herringbone stripes, against pastel toned wool... "K-Shrunk" for lasting fit and loveliness!

THE MODERN MIRACLE

K-Shrunk
REG.

Look for the "K-Shrunk" label when buying your new wool and silk lingerie. Kayser "K-Shrunk" lovelies keep their shape and size, WASH THEM HOW YOU PLEASE.

Definitely I'M A ONE BRAND WOMAN NOW

Harold Lloyd as producer

AFTER twenty years before the cameras, comedian Harold Lloyd makes his debut as producer with "The Navy Steps Out," the new title for the RKO farce, "A Girl, a Guy, and a Gob."

Featuring plenty of gags and situations in the well-known Lloyd manner, this film casts George Murphy as a sailor with a weakness for tattooing and for fights; Lucille Ball as his wisecracking sweetheart; and Edmund O'Brien as a wealthy shipping magnate who makes friends with the pair and begins to have fun for the first time in his life.

It gives dancer Murphy a straight comedy part.



7 SPURRED as much by desire for freedom as by wish to help Dot's happiness, the sailor leaves her at the church, but is pursued by the puzzled Stephen.

Studios dig into the past

IF a story has been a success on the screen, why not try it again with a brand-new cast and, maybe, just a few alterations to the original script?

That's the plan the studios are working on to-day. On their new programmes are listed a number of remakes of hit films featured in silent and early talkie days.

Musicals, drama, comedies, and costume adventures all have their place—and many of them are going to stir happy memories.

Attractive music never palls, so this year that popular singing team, Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, are appearing in a streamlined version of Bebe Daniels' early musical success, "Rio Rita."

Jeanette is also to sing in a remake of "Smiling Through," but the leading man is the problem. The original choice, James Stewart, has gone into the army. Remember Norma Shearer and Fredric March in this one—nine years ago?

For Warners, Dennis Morgan, Ginger Rogers' leading man in "Kitty Foyle," will sing the popular tunes of "The Desert Song." Introduced to the screen by John Boles in 1931.

Morgan is delighted. He has waited a long time for a really big chance to sing on the screen.

Even Dorothy Lamour is engaged on a remake. She'll be "Aloma of the South Seas," based on an early talkie of the same name which starred long-forgotten Gilda Gray.

So successful has Warners been

POPULAR MUSICALS, COMEDIES, AND THRILLERS WILL BE REMADE THIS YEAR WITH STAR-STUDED CASTS

From JOHN B. DAVIES in New York.

with its sea stories that this studio has gone back into the past for some more.

Result: Ida Lupino and Edward G. Robinson will appear first in "The Sea Wolf," made in the twenties with Milton Sills. The same pair will follow this one with "The Sea Beast," which was one of John Barrymore's most successful films—before the talkies came in.

That famous aunt

THAT rollicking English perennial, "Charley's Aunt," was first brought to the screen by Charlie Chaplin's brother, Syd Chaplin, and has been remade through the years by both Charles Ruggles and Arthur Askey.

The 1941 Paramount version will have American radio and screen comedy star Jack Benny—and, I think, a good many alterations.

But as yet they haven't been able to work in a part for "Rochester."

They're dusting off some of the early dramatic successes as well.

Warner's studio is refilming "Lady Windermere's Fan," the Oscar Wilde play made by this studio in 1925 with Ronald Colman, Irene Rich, and May McAvoy.

The cast has yet to be chosen for

this film, as well as for "Forgotten Faces," the former Herbert Marshall drama, which United Artists is making this year under the title of "A Whiff of Heliotrope."

That lucky sixteen-year-old redhead, Joan Leslie, goes into "The Constant Nymph," taking the place of British actress Victoria Hopper, who, with Brian Aherne, brought this story to the screen seven years ago.

And Errol Flynn steps into Brian's place.

Just six years ago, the whimsical Margaret Sullivan charmed audiences with her performance in "The Good Fairy." Now this story is being brought up to date for Deanna Durbin at Universal.

And don't be too surprised at this one. Later in the year Deanna will star in a remake of the eerie 1926 chiller, "Phantom of the Opera." Deanna has Mary Philbin's role. Broderick Crawford takes the late Lon Chaney's place.

Producer Joe Pasternak has been itching to remake this drama for a long while. But he assures me that Crawford will be "an altogether different phantom from the one in the original version." I take it he means Brod won't be so gruesome.

Saturday night in the film colony

GLAMOROUS NIGHTCLUB
ATTRACTS BRILLIANTLY-
GOWNED CELEBRITIES

By CHRISTINE WEBB in Hollywood



• The debonair Franchot Tone, who is the playboy of the hour and a regular patron of Ciro's nightclub. He's a beau of lovely Olivia de Havilland, blonde Jean Rogers, and Peggy Moran.

If you were visiting Hollywood, and wanted to see the town at its really glamorous, you'd look in at Ciro's one Saturday night.

Ciro's is the most exciting, star-thronged nightclub in movie-land. Here every happy occasion is celebrated—the winning of Motion Picture Academy awards, the signing of new contracts, as well as the birthdays and anniversaries.

The other week Sergei Rachmaninoff, the renowned pianist, gave an all-Russian party at Ciro's. Mischa Auer, Gregory Ratoff, and Akim Tamiroff were three of the Russians present.

At Ciro's you'll see all the glamor girls in their most dazzling creations. Mary Martin almost caused a riot the other Saturday night with her "paradise fox." And the same evening Marlene Dietrich, flaunting her "Flame of New Orleans" hair-do, raised gasps all round the room.

Regularly tiny Brazilian Carmen Miranda, wearing one of her famous turbans and an amazing, be-sequined gown, will trip in, on built-up jeweled sandals, drawing admiring or envious stares as she takes the floor with tall Cesar Romero.

Georgious blonde Betty Grable will be here with her latest admirer, George Raft.



• "When Betty Grable does the rumba with George Raft the rest of the dancers drop out to watch," writes Christine Webb. Dazzling blonde Betty, Fox star, likes the bare-midriff style.

When Betty and George do the rumba it's as good as a floor show. All the other dancers drop out and watch.

It is here that Franchot Tone, the playboy of the hour, entertains his girl friends—always at a table for two next to the dance floor.

Here drama will be all about you. You'll see Lana Turner dancing cheek to cheek with handsome Tony Martin, while from a table nearby Alice Faye, escorted by Sandy Cummings, will gaze gloomily at Tony, her former husband.

The newly-divorced Mischa Auer

will call friendly greetings to each other from different tables.

You might, if you're lucky, even see that popular couple, Clark Gable and Carole Lombard, who sometimes drop in from the ranch to dance into the wee hours.

Outside, autograph hounds and sightseers wait doggedly for their favorites to come out—sometimes until two o'clock in the morning.

There's nothing quite like Ciro's on a Saturday night. It's the showcase of the film world, and the one place that really does come up to the general conception of Hollywood as a city of glamor.

Lady Dorothea Head

is an auxiliary
nurse

—but despite long,
tiring hours keeps her
skin exquisite with Pond's
Two Creams



YOU CAN FOLLOW THE SAME BEAUTY METHOD AS THE
WORLD'S LOVELIEST WOMEN — POND'S TWO CREAMS.

For thorough skin cleansing, use Pond's Cold Cream every night and morning and during the day whenever you change your make-up. Pat it on generously, leave it on a few minutes, then wipe it off with cleansing tissues. Pond's Cold Cream removes every bit of dust and stale make-up... keeps your skin flawlessly lovely. Then use Pond's Vanishing Cream as a powder base and skin softener. This fluffy, delicate

cream holds powder smoothly for hours, and it protects your skin from roughening effects of sun and wind.



Sold at all stores and chemists in 1/2 tubes, 1/1 jars and generous 2/8 jars containing approximately 33 times as much. (Including Sales Tax.)

QUESTION TO LADY DOROTHEA:
How do you keep your skin so smooth and flawless when you are so busy with your nursing duties?

ANSWER:
Nowadays it would be almost impossible for me to keep up an elaborate beauty treatment. By regular use of Pond's Creams, I am able to keep my skin smooth and soft under all conditions.

QUESTION TO LADY DOROTHEA:
Why do you consider Pond's two Creams essential?

ANSWER:
I've always maintained that when cleansing, Pond's Cold Cream seems to work into the pores as no other cream does. I use Pond's Cold Cream also as a lubricant to guard against roughness and dryness. And then I find Pond's Vanishing Cream is the perfect foundation. My powder goes on smoothly and clings for hours.



Lady Dorothea Head lives at Newington House, Winkfield, Berkshire. When she is not busy with her nursing she rides, hunts and spends all the time she can in her garden.

FREE! Mail this Coupon today with four 1d. stamps in a sealed envelope in cover postage, packing, etc. for free tubes of Pond's Two Creams—Cold and Vanishing. You will receive also a sample of Pond's New Improved "Glow-Pond" Face Powder. Indicate shade wanted.

RACHEL ☐ ROSE ☐ SUNTAN ☐
BRUNETTE ☐ LIGHT CREAM ☐ NATURAL ☐ LIGHT NATURAL ☐

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NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

Bottom of her class!



Dorothy's mother was really worried! Dorothy was not naturally dull . . . nor lazy. Yet here she was at the bottom of her class . . . and bitterly ashamed of it, poor kid. So Mrs. Dickenson called on Dorothy's teacher. "I'm so glad you called, Mrs. Dickenson," said the teacher. "We know Dorothy can do better, but, like so many children of her age, she's growing fast. She needs extra nourishment and good sound sleep at night to fit her for the day ahead. I would like to suggest that you give her what so many over-worked teachers themselves take at bed-time . . . Bourn-vita. It's the very thing she wants."

Dorothy's teacher was right . . . The fact that Dorothy shot up to the head of her class next term proved it, for Bourn-vita, every night by aiding rest, promoted energy for the day.

*Bourn-vita Sleep gives New Strength..
New Nerve - New Vigour*

Bourn-vita is a delicious combination of the most healthful ingredients — specially selected barley malt, full cream milk, eggs and chocolate. It is a rich source of the quick energy the body needs when sleeping, aiding digestion and ensuring deep, refreshing sleep the whole night through. Buy a tin of Bourn-vita to-day. Serve a hot cupful to every member of the family at bed-time every night and ensure good health for all. 1/6 ¼ lb., 2/9 ½ lb., 4/9 1 lb.

*.. but
what a change*

*the
following
term!*



WHY BOURN-VITA SLEEP IS HEALTHY SLEEP

Phosphorus) Mineral and nerve foods
Calcium	
Iron) Tonic and digestive properties
Malt Extract	
Calcium) Essential to the body's health
Vitamins A, B and D	



Cadbury's

BOURN-VITA

*at
Bedtime*

FOR SOUND SLEEP . . . THE NIGHT THROUGH

FASHION PORTFOLIO

May 17, 1941

The Australian Women's Weekly

27

Dramatic wool evening suits ... glowing with color



● A skirt as slim as a flower stalk, topped by a slightly Eastern boxy jacket. Done in mauve wool-de-chine and garnished with swirls of matching sequins.

● Green angora for an exquisitely tailored evening suit. Under the jacket gleams a gold lame blouse with multi-colored stones scattered over the yoke.

● A simple, figure-hugging frock of heavy white wool highlighted with revers and a bulky padded jacket in deep purple wool.

● A softly full skirt contradicted by a sleekly tailored, pocketed jacket. Interpreted in fuchsia-red sheer wool with revers done in matching sequins.

Mid-winter togs



● The Inverness coat is the latest fashion craze in America. This one is made of multi-colored plaid wool, with the cape effect cleverly cut into the sleeves. The felt postilion hat is banded with matching plaid woollen. (Top left.)

□ □ □

● A dashing country ensemble in wool jersey. The skirt, with its huge pockets, and the debonair cape are done in cinnamon-brown, and the simply-tailored shirt-bouse in light beige to match the swashbuckling felt hat. (Above.)

□ □ □

● A slightly-flared skirt of olive-green covert cloth is topped by a tailored natural linen blouse and a three-quarter-length box coat in matching green with a pin-stripe. The high-soaring toque is made of brown felt and jersey. (Extreme left.)

□ □ □

● Three-piece suit in light brown wool, very man-tailored, and double-breasted. The jacket is short, and the skirt has a swing to it, while the topcoat is designed on faintly military lines. With it a brown felt hat with huge quills. (Left.)

Audacious PLAIDS . . .

● New York sponsors rough woollens in big, bold plaids dyed in the brightest colors.

Sketched by Petrov



● (Four) The popular abbe brim and squashed crown in navy-and-white plaid with touches of red. To cover the back of the hair there is a fringed triangle of the wool.

● (Five) Jaeger tops a flaring wool skirt in duck-egg blue with a pert, chopped-short jacket done in husky tweed, boldly barred in blue and green.

● (One) Fetching three-piece outfit for the sporty girl. The slightly-flared brown wool skirt and white silk blouse are dramatised with a slimly-tailored jerkin in red, yellow, and brown plaid.

● (Two) Grey, black, white, and red plaid suit with trim, boyish jacket and a brand-new skirt that features kick pleats to the side.

● (Three) Sleekly-tailored slacksuit for winter days. The trousers are done in a huge check in brown and beige tweed, and are topped by a trim brown jacket with yoke to match the slacks.

**OOH!
LOVELY!**
Of Course
i'll Have One!

If you have difficulty in persuading your child to take a laxative, it means only one thing—that you can't be giving him genuine Laxettes.

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ONE EVENING WE SAW HER SKATING BY HERSELF SO WE SPOKE TO HER. LATER MY HUSBAND SAID: "WELL, WE SOLVED THE RIDDLE..."



SHE ASKED ME TO CALL. WHILE WASHING MY HANDS I SAID, FEIGNING SURPRISE: "DON'T YOU USE LIFEBOUY? NOTHING ELSE KEEPS YOU SO FRESH AND DAINTY, YOU KNOW!"



THINKS: COULD MY NEW FRIEND HAVE BEEN HINTING AT B.O.? ANYWAY IT'S AS WELL TO TAKE NO CHANCES. AND LIFEBOUY'S A GRAND SOAP.



"B.O." GONE... LONELY NO LONGER

NEXT TIME WE MET SHE WAS SURROUNDED BY FRIENDS. LATER SHE SAID: "I'M SO HAPPY NOW, THANKS TO YOU... AND LIFEBOUY."



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Greasy washing-up done in a jiffy with RINSO

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EXQUISITE SHAWLS for BABY

● Here are two snug accessories for baby—a soft enveloping shawl and a quaint carrying-cloak with a pixie-like hood. Both are adorable and the sort of useful items which would delight any mother with a new baby.

THE hooded carrying-cloak shown at right and the cosy shawl below are both knitted in white nursery yarn, the cloak including a little blue yarn for relief.

Instructions for making both are given below.
To knit the carrying-cloak you will need:

Materials: "Nursery Vialka" yarn 3-ply, white 80z., blue 10z.; pair No. 10 knitting needles (long); 1 yard ribbon; 3 buttons.

Measurements: Neck to lower edge, 21 ins.; width all round at lower edge, 54 ins.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; ins., inches; beg., beginning; tog., together; rep., repeat; sts., stitches; st-st., stocking-stitch (1 row k, 1 row p).

Tension: 7½ sts. to 1 inch.
Cast on 404 sts. with white yarn and work in moss-st. (k 1, p 1 alternately in 1st row, p 1, k 1 alternately in next) for 1½ ins.

Next Row: Moss-st. 12, place these sts. on safety pin and leave for right front band. Moss-st. to last 12 sts., turn, and leave last 12 sts. on safety pin for left front band. Work 6 rows in st-st., then join in blue yarn and work in pattern as follows:—

1st Row: * K 3, yarn to front, slip next 5 sts. purlwise, yarn back, k 2, rep. from * to end.

2nd Row: * K 2, keep yarn at back of work, and slip next 5 sts. purlwise, k 3, rep. from * to end. Break off blue yarn. Work 4 rows in st-st. in white.

7th Row: * K 5, pick up blue threads and k with next st., k 4, rep. from * to end. Cont. in st-st. until work measures 3½ ins., then rep. from 1st to 7th rows again.

Cont. in st-st. until work measures 6 ins., then rep. from 1st to 7th rows again. Cont. in st-st. until work measures 9½ ins., then rep. from 1st to 7th rows again. Cont. in st-st. until work measures 14 ins., then rep. from 1st to 7th rows again. Cont. in st-st. until work measures 17 ins. from lower edge, ending with a p row.

Next Row: * K 2 tog., k 3 tog., rep. from * to end (152 sts.). Work in k 2, p 2 rib for 2 ins., ending with a row on wrong side.

Next Row: K 2 tog., work in k 1, p 1 rib for 1½ ins.

Next Row: Make holes for ribbon thus: * rib 3, make 1, k 2 tog., rep. from * to last st., k 1. Now cont. in rib for a further 1½ in., ending with a row on right side.

Next Row: Cast off 16 sts., rib to end.

Following Row: Cast off 16 sts., k twice into each of next 21 sts., in-

cluding the one st. left on needle after casting off in the rib, turn, and leave remaining sts. on spare needle. Work in moss-st. on these last 44 sts. for 6 ins. Cast off. Rejoin yarn to needle point, and cont. as given for first side.

Left Front Band: Slip the 12 sts. from safety pin on to a No. 10 needle and work in moss-st. until band measures 21 ins. from lower edge, when slightly stretched. Cast off.

Right Front Band: Slip the 12 sts. from safety pin on to a No. 10 needle and work in moss-st. until band measures 17 ins. when slightly stretched.

Next Row: Make a buttonhole thus: Moss-st. 5, cast off 2, moss-st. to end.

Following Row: Moss-st. 5, cast on 2, moss-st. 5. Cont. in moss-st., making 2 more buttonholes each 11 ins. apart. After last buttonhole has been completed, work a further 1½ in. Cast off.

Front Border of Hood: With white yarn cast on 80 sts. and work 1½ in. in moss-st. and 4 rows in st-st. Then work the 7 pattern rows, then 5 rows in st-st. Cast off.

To Make Up: Press work carefully under a damp cloth with a hot iron. Sew front bands in position, sew top and back seam of hood. Sew band round edge of hood, sewing cast-off edge to hood. Sew buttons on opposite buttonholes. Thread ribbon through holes at neck, bringing it through buttonhole. Press all seams.

BABY'S SHAWL

Materials: 180z. "Nursery Vialka" knitting yarn 3-ply; 2 No. 8 knitting needles; medium-sized crochet hook.

Measurements: About 48 inches square.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; sts., stitches; ins., inches; rep., repeat; wl fwd., wool forward; tog., together.

Tension: 6½ sts. to 1 in. (Tension must be accurate, otherwise shawl will not form a perfect square).

Cast on 311 sts. and work in the following double moss-st. pattern:—

1st Row: * K 1, p 1. Rep. from * to last st., k 1.

2nd Row: * P 1, k 1. Rep. from * to last st., p 1.

3rd Row: As 2nd row.

4th Row: As 1st row.

Rep. these 4 rows until work measures 2 ins., ending with 4th row. Now proceed in open pattern with double moss-st. borders thus:—

1st Row: (K 1, p 1) 6 times, k 1 (border), k 285 (centre), (k 1, p 1) 6 times, k 1 (border).

2nd Row: (P 1, k 1) 6 times, p 1, p 285, (p 1, k 1) 6 times, p 1.

3rd Row: (P 1, k 1) 6 times, p 1, * k 1, wl fwd., k 2 tog., rep. from * to last 13 sts. (p 1, k 1) 6 times, p 1.

4th Row: (K 1, p 1) 6 times, k 1, * k 1, wl fwd., k 2 tog., rep. from * to last 13 sts. (k 1, p 1) 6 times, k 1.

5th Row: (K 1, p 1) 6 times, k 1, * k 1, wl fwd., k 2 tog., rep. from * to last 13 sts. (k 1, p 1) 6 times, k 1.

6th Row: (K 1, p 1) 6 times, k 1, * k 1, wl fwd., k 2 tog., rep. from * to last 13 sts. (k 1, p 1) 6 times, k 1.

7th Row: (K 1, p 1) 6 times, k 1, * k 1, wl fwd., k 2 tog., rep. from * to last 13 sts. (k 1, p 1) 6 times, k 1.

Rep. these 4 rows for 12 ins. (i.e. until work measures 14 ins. from lower edge) ending with 14th row. Now begin centre square of double moss-st. thus:—

1st Row: (K 1, p 1) 6 times, k 1 (border), k 78 (open pattern), (k 1, p 1) 64 times, k 1 (centre square), k 78, (k 1, p 1) 6 times, k 1.

2nd Row: (P 1, k 1) 6 times, p 1, p 78 (p 1, k 1) 64 times, p 1, p 78 (p 1, k 1) 6 times, p 1.

3rd Row: (P 1, k 1) 6 times, p 1 (k 1, wl fwd., k 2 tog.) 26 times, (p 1, k 1) 64 times, p 1, (k 1, wl fwd., k 2 tog.) 26 times, p 1.

4th Row: (K 1, p 1) 6 times, k 1, (k 1, wl fwd., k 2 tog.) 26 times, (k 1, p 1) 64 times, k 1, (k 1, wl fwd., k 2 tog.) 26 times, (k 1, p 1) 6 times, k 1.

Using crochet hook, work the fol-



BABY'S carrying-cloak made in long cape style with a quaint, pixie-like hood. Instructions for knitting given on this page.

DENTISTS SELECT IPANA FOR THEIR PERSONAL DENTIFRICE 3 TO 1 OVER ANY OTHER!

Let the example of these dentists guide you in your choice of a dentifrice . . . help you to have healthier gums, brighter teeth, a more radiant smile.

ASK YOURSELF THIS QUESTION: "What dentifrice, of the scores on sale to-day, could be better for me and my family than the one so many dentists themselves use in their own homes?"

And if that is the dentifrice you want, then start to-day using Ipana with massage! For the recently completed Professional Survey, independently conducted among thousands of Australian dentists reveals this remarkable fact:

Three times as many dentists personally use Ipana as any other dental preparation—paste or powder. In fact, more than the next three dentifrices combined!

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SEE YOUR DENTIST at least twice a year to enable him to discover and check any unsuspected dental defects.

LET IPANA AND MASSAGE HELP YOU TO FIRMER GUMS, BRIGHTER TEETH!

IT'S A VISIT TO YOUR DENTIST FOR YOU, SIS! "PINK TOOTH BRUSH" MAY NOT MEAN SERIOUS TROUBLE BUT IT'S NOTHING TO FOOL WITH!



YOUR BROTHER IS A WISE YOUNG MAN, MARY! YOUR GUMS ARE SOFT AND TENDER. YOU SEE, TODAY'S SOFT FOODS OFTEN DENY GUMS THE EXERCISE THEY NEED FOR HEALTH.



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Choice of a dentifrice calls for professional assistance. Ipana is sold by CHEMISTS ONLY. Regular Size 1/- Super Size 2/-.



FOR THE VERY YOUNGEST, a cosy shawl knitted in a pretty lacy stitch. It measures about 48 inches square when completed. See knitting instructions above.

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ENJOY THIS NEW AND HEALTHFUL
CORN FLAKE THRILL

Sanitarium Corn Flakes have received an enthusiastic reception from Australian housewives...and little wonder, for Sanitarium Corn Flakes are not only manufactured (as are all of the famous Sanitarium Health Food family) in such a way that Nature's healthful elements are retained... but Sanitarium Corn Flakes are the new Corn Flakes WITH THE SPECIALLY DELICIOUS FLAVOUR.

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BREAKFAST TABLE



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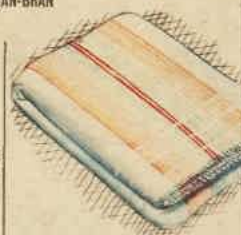
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Sanitarium Corn Flakes also carry Free Gift Coupons which COMBINE with coupons from any of the following Sanitarium Health Foods for free and useful household gifts.

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| *KWIC-BRO | *RICE | *GLUTEN BISCUITS | *WHEAT |
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Fashion PATTERNS



Special Concession Pattern

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lingerie set,
Sizes 32, 34, 36-
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gown. Requires
3½yds., 36in. wide,
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Requires: 1½yds., 54ins. wide, and ½yd. con-
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F2000. — Slimly tailored slip with dainty lace
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front fullness in the skirt. 32 to 38 bust. Re-
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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

CHIC LUNCHEON SET ... in popular azalea design

● A really charming new set available in a large range of colors and very simple to make.

THIS very delightful luncheon set may be obtained from our Needlework Department traced on white, deep cream, blue, yellow, pink, and green pure quality sheer Irish linen, also on cream, blue, and yellow linen—heavy quality. It is so simple to work. The edges are worked in buttonhole-stitch, and the centres of the flowers in either eyelets or french knots, with the stamens stem-stitched. Be careful to thoroughly press the work before attempting to cut the material.

This design may be worked in the natural color of the azalea, or in broder cotton to match the color linen chosen. Stranded

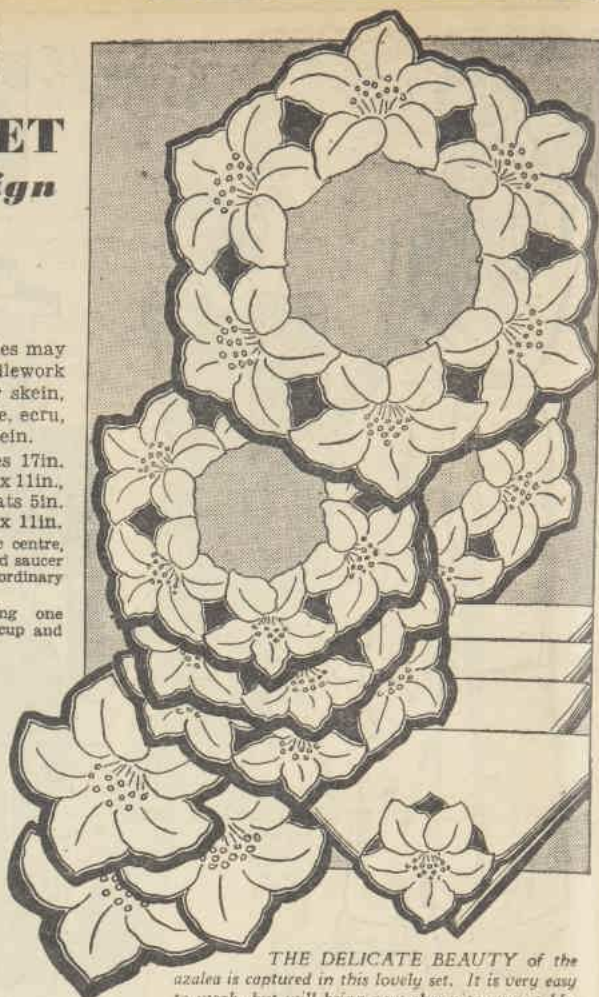
cottons in the desired shades may be obtained from our Needlework Department, price 24d. per skein, and broder cottons in white, ecru, or colors, price 4d. per skein.

The centre mat measures 17in. x 17in., the plate mats 11in. x 11in., and the cup and saucer mats 5in. x 5in., and serviettes 11in. x 11in.

Nine-piece set, comprising one centre, four plate mats, and four cup and saucer mats. Price, sheer linen, 5/9; ordinary linen, 7/6.

Thirteen-piece set, comprising one centre, six plate mats, and six cup and saucer mats. Price, sheer linen, 7/6; ordinary linen, 9/6.

Serviettes to match. Size 11in. x 11in. Price, sheer linen, 1/-; ordinary linen, 1/3 each. Postage included.



THE DELICATE BEAUTY of the azalea is captured in this lovely set. It is very easy to work, but will bring new charm to your table.

Warm-as-toast frock

SUCH a pretty little style which is guaranteed to make your small daughter look as pretty as a picture.

This is a very dainty frock that you will find very easy to make and beautifully cosy. It is obtainable from our Needlework Department, traced on

white, cream, blue, pink, yellow, or green good quality winceyette. The pattern is clearly marked, ready to cut out, machine, and then em-



No. 88. A little winceyette frock that is perfect for winter days. Obtain one now from our Needlework Department.

broder, and the embroidery should be done in bright colors to contrast with the color material chosen.

The embroidery design is worked in lazy daisy or stem-stitch. The outline of the collar and sleeves is buttonholed, which gives a delightful finish.

Price: Sizes 2-4 years, 3/9; 4-6 years, 4/3; plus 4d. postage.

Paper pattern only, price 1/3.

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"NATURE STUDY
JACKPOT QUIZ"

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by Miss Midnight

M. C. winner engaged . . .

TO Lieut. John Macdonald, of Wagga, goes the honor . . . and good fortune . . . of being first recent Military Cross winner to announce engagement to British nurse. Her name is Edna May Williams, of Brogwillm, North Wales, and to use John's words she is "small, dark, very charming, with beautiful dark eyes."

Apparently a swift, war-time romance, as first time his family hear any mention of Edna May is when John writes to his sister, Mrs. Gerald Ayrton, of Killara, and says, "I'm engaged."

Edna was nursing at Jerusalem Hospital where John was taken after being wounded at Tobruk—for which he received the M.C.

Mrs. Ian Macdonald, John's mother, is very thrilled with the news, as she herself was a nurse before she married.

Comes home with Cup . . .

WELL-KNOWN Sydney horses, and lots of other visitors, go to Wagga for Gold Cup meeting. Mac Sawyer takes his Fearless along, and comes home with gold cup itself.

Across country from Young come the Horton Brownes and Mrs. Bill Scott, who joins her parents, the Bill Mackinnons, of June. Mary Waddell drives over from Bethunga, the Peter Meaghers from Temora, Mrs. Graeme Austin from Humula, Mrs. George Osborne from Tarcutta.

The J. O. Robertsons and daughter Alisa come from Gundagai to watch their Longitude in Cup race.

Most of the Horsley clan, Wallace Sawyer, Mrs. Bill Whitehead, Dr. and Mrs. Hertford Weedon are others who join informal after-race cocktail parties.

Did you know? . . .

THE Tim Gardiners are returning shortly to England.

Eric Abrahams chose all furnishings for Point Piper flat to which he will take his bride, Lois Saltman.

Mrs. Charlie Kater took horses from Scone to ride at Dungog Show during week-end. Mrs. Ken Mackay was local entrant.

Graham Michael are names chosen by the Harold E. Morgans for their infant son.

Army chit-chat . . .

WHEN last anti-aircraft gun fades from view in War Loan demonstration march, coffee and sandwiches served for official guests in Lord Mayor's room. Governor Wakehurst comes up from Town Hall steps, where he has taken salute . . . notice that he and Army Minister Spender soon get heads together.

Lieut.-General Miles has coffee, too, after watching gun display with keen eye . . . he was gunner during last war. Mrs. Miles leaves early to escort another guest, Sir Alfred Davidson, to her pet hobby—Army War Comforts canteen, King Street—for informal luncheon.

Mrs. C. E. Cameron is proud spectator. Husband, Brigadier Cameron, leads march. Last war, she tells me, she watched him march off to the war . . . a sergeant then.

Lady Mayoress Crick is introducing debutante daughter Pat, just left school, who now spends three days a week studying interior decorating at Technical College.

Youngest weds . . .

FAMILY reunion for the eight daughters of Andrew Watt, K.C., and Mrs. Watt, this Saturday, when youngest daughter, Betty, weds Corporal John Coote, R.A.A.F.

The eight are Mesdames Mick Meagher, Frank Irving, Mick Veech, Helen Drury, Eric Fisher, Bernard Hollingdale, and Meg Watt . . . last time all were together, so bride-elect tells me, was four years ago when Mollie became Mrs. Hollingdale.

Following wedding of Betty and John at St. Martha's, Strathfield, small reception will be held at Watt residence nearby. Bridegroom arrives from Cootamundra only day before ceremony.

After honeymoon they return to Coota . . . no stranger to district is Betty, as she often visits her sister, Joan Meagher, there.

Visitors and parties . . .

MARGRET STURDEE is back in Sydney again. Here from Melbourne for Margot Ascher's wedding to Major Alex Ryrie on May 23, St. Mark's. Travels up from south with Margot's mother, Mrs. F. Borchard.

Hostesses who entertain in bride-elect's honor include Mrs. Fred Stallman . . . gift tea at Darling Point home . . . Mrs. Joe Wormald, and also Margret Sturdee.

Sir Arthur Rickard will give his granddaughter away. Mostly members of both families make up 50 guests. "There are so many Ryries and Rickards," says Margot.

Performing guests . . .

COCKTAILS at Army Queen Diana Massie's Bellevue Hill home for her social circus performers, the real tapers of lions, and others from Wirth's Circus who assist her campaign. Her mother, Mrs. R. J. A. Massie, helps 19-year-old Diana entertain.

Among guests is Mrs. Bill Crossing, who learnt to crack a mean stockwhip when a child in wide open spaces of Braidwood and Bingara. Not so wide, it seems, are spaces at Point Piper, because several neighbors complain when she practises for circus appearance.

Melbourne elephant-riders, Sue Gullett, Hazel Leonard, Fay Stodart, and Mitty Lee Brown, Melanie Price Jones, Mrs. Leslie Dunlop also present.

Diana tells me next large event towards her £10,000 aim is barbecue at Victoria Barracks on Empire Day. No weather permitting, either. It's to be held "wet or fine."

Seen around town . . .

MRS. CECIL RADFORD lunching at the Australia . . . smart in pale blue autumn suiting, high-crowned tan felt hat with soaring blue-and-tan feathers.

Dorothea Darvall, with Ayaway Breton perched on her curls . . . brown felt crown and ultra-wide velvet brim.

Bruce Wilson entertaining at Romano's during leave from camp . . . Elizabeth Gibson and Lorna Marsden among his guests.

And heard . . .

LADY WAKEHURST'S new private secretary, Joan Holman, has begun secretarial course at city business college.



• LADY WAKEHURST and her new private secretary, Joan Holman. Joan takes over duties from Joan Tyler, who shortly weds Wing-Commander Shaw.



• VOLUNTARY AID Mrs. Jim Ryrie, wearing badges of all ten Red Cross queens, sells badge for V.A. Queen to artist David Murtin Dair at Romano's.



• MRS. TELFORD SIMPSON, after she launches new Australian warship, tells Lady King (right) all about it.



• LUNCH-TIME. Veneda Donnelly and Marjorie Christie prepare lunches at Pitt Street shop . . . to aid R.S.P.C.A.



• MARRIED only a week themselves the Leonard Glenwrights were groomsmen and matron of honor at Marks-Glenwright wedding. Photographed at reception.



• GUESTS at opening of King George V Memorial Hospital, Camperdown . . . Mrs. Alan B. Lilley, whose husband, Dr. Lilley, is superintendent of R.P.A., and son Leonard.



• COLLEEN HOLMES (left) and Nancy Sharp arrive at Conservatorium with flowers for fellow-student Joan Dawson when she gives concert in aid of Bomb Victims.



• EVERY VOTE HELPS. Mrs. Neill Ackland watches Marie Corn lodge her penny votes for best room at Englishman's Home exhibition. For Red Cross.

ADVERTISEMENT

Over the garden fence

AN old recipe for "Jugged Hare" begins: "First, catch your hare!" But I'm going to take it for granted that your hare's already caught (or, rather, that your man's well and truly "collared")—and that he likes those collars to be kept in first-class trim!

Any item of clothing worn near the face attracts a good deal of attention. And a smart, beautifully finished collar makes a big difference to a man's appearance.

I scarcely need say that all collars should be soaked for at least a few hours before washing, to loosen the dirt—incidentally, it will come off more readily if you add a little Persil to the water. (Semi-stiff collars, if very badly soiled, may also require a little brushing with a nail brush.) Then into the copper with them with the rest of the wash!

And as most of my readers know, you need 1 heaped tablespoonful of Persil to every gallon of water to get those famous results the advertisements tell you about.

But just as important as the washing is the ironing and finishing and per-



First, collar your man!

haps I'd better deal with the different types one at a time:

1. Soft collars:

By a soft collar I mean one without any special processing to make it stiff. They're the easiest collars of all to launder. And when it comes to starching simply put them into the starch that you use for the household linen.

Before ironing just take care that they're thoroughly dried off and re-damped. (If you're dealing with a shirt with collar attached dip the collar and cuffs into weak starch to give it a professional finish.)

2. Semi-stiff collars:

These collars do not really need starching—so long as they're ironed correctly. (I'll tell you how, a little later on.)

Some men, however, like a little more "body" in their collars. And it's not a bad idea, as starch makes the collar more resistant to dirt—and keeps it clean longer.

I think you'll find the recipe alongside a satisfactory one.

Make certain the collars really do absorb the starch by rubbing them well in the starch water. Then remove and rub the surface with a

clean cloth. Roll them up in the cloth and leave for 20-30 minutes till you're ready to iron them.

Recipe for starch for semi-stiff collars

Add one level tablespoonful of starch (rice) to rather less than one pint of cold water. Mix the starch with a little of the water. Carefully press out all lumps. Stir in the remainder of the water. Keep starch covered—strain carefully before using.

Iron with a fairly hot iron on the right side, till they're partially dry. Then on the wrong side, finishing up again on the right side by ironing rapidly backwards and forwards—pressing rather heavily.

By the way, don't fold the collar over and press with your iron as this causes unnecessary wear. (Your husband should fold the crease in himself when he puts the collar on. His tie will keep it trim.)

3. Stiff collars:

Directions for laundering stiff collars are, I'm afraid, too long and complicated to go into here.

But if you'd like to know how to set about them, don't hesitate to drop me a line. I'll be very pleased to answer your letter personally.



Edited by
Mrs. Mary Holiday
(the famous English washing authority)
AND A STAFF OF EXPERTS.



As part of a policy of service to their many friends, the makers of Persil present this page for your interest and entertainment. They also cordially invite you to write to the editors, (Mrs. Holiday, P.O. Box 773 H, Melbourne). If you have any problem connected with washing, they will reply personally by mail or through this page.

Glamour in glasses

Can a girl in glasses date the current heart-throb of the town? Sure she can if she knows her lines—and remembers just one or two little points about her clothes.

Take special pains, for instance, not to look like the proverbial school ma'am in glasses. . . .

And don't choose fussy necklines or flowery hats that might draw attention to your optics. . . .

Here are some things that even your best friend might not tell you—so we will! Here we go:

	THESE MAY MAKE YOU LOOK A SIGHT!	THESE SHOULD MAKE YOU LOOK JUST RIGHT
YOUR CLOTHES	Bunchy scarves. Furled-up, frilly collars. Plain Jane necklines. Hats with straight brims, square crowns or sharply turned-up brims.	Necklines that are softly draped (a cowl, for instance). Low-cut necklines—heart-shaped, especially. Hats with soft, squashy crowns and forward tilted brims. Beret tams. Profile Beretans.
YOUR ACCESSORIES	Fancy ear-rings (crystal especially—you don't want to give a "cut-glass" impression, do you?).	Beads and stud ear-rings with a dull finish.
YOUR FACE	Uneven straggly eyebrows.	Carefully blended rouge.
YOUR HAIR	Skinned-back hair. Dips over the forehead. Hair bunched round glasses.	Modern hair-do (dressed up on top if you can take it). Hair swept up—NOT back—at temples.

EXCLUSIVE

Mary Holiday

Pattern Service

2/6 patterns for 6d.



Swagger Pyjamas

Even a beginner can follow this easy-to-make Mary Holiday pattern, which includes an illustrated step-by-step sewing guide, cutting out chart and washing instructions. You can obtain this beautiful overseas pattern, usually 2/- to 3/-, by sending 8d. in stamps (6d. for pattern, 2d. for postage, etc.). No other pattern of this price offers you so much. Fill in the coupon below.

MARY HOLIDAY PATTERN "L" SWAGGER PYJAMAS
To "Patterns," P.O. Box 495 H, MELBOURNE. Enclosed find 8d. in stamps. Please send Pattern "L." (Pattern can only be obtained by post and from above address.)
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
Size (32, 34, 36 and 38 bust) _____

94,000,000

PEGS IS A PRETTY TALL ORDER!



Who ARE the customers with such extravagant demands? None other than the Australian housewife! You, the lady next door and your fellow-washers throughout the Commonwealth order over 94 million clothes pegs between you EVERY YEAR!

Where do they go—these mountains of pegs? Your guess is as good as ours! How about Towzer? Every dog has an eye for a nice peg—maybe that's how some come to an untimely end. And not every peg can stand up to a strong wind. So if you take a spade and dig in the garden near the clothes line you MAY find where some of the clothes pegs go!

GIVE PEGS A LITTLE ATTENTION
You can keep wooden pegs with you much longer if you season the wood to prevent them splitting so soon. Pop new pegs into a saucepan of cold water before you use them and bring it slowly to the boil. Dry them in the shade.

Special non-rusting springs are sold to fix on your pegs and prevent them splitting—it's worth while getting a few from your grocer or ironmonger. And whatever you do, bring pegs indoors after washday and keep them in a dust-proof peg box or bag.

PERVERSE PERCY



Mrs. Holiday asked Percy to illustrate "Keeping things under with a potstick." This is what he did.

Hands are in the news this Autumn

Knitting, voluntary war work—in addition to normal household jobs—look like keeping hands more active than usual this season. So hand care is more necessary now than ever.

Use Lotion. Most women need some form of lubricant for hands—particularly in cooler weather when oil and sweat glands are not so active. Use a lotion daily—especially before and after having hands in water.

Before going to bed smear a little olive oil or vasoline round cuticles.

Be Careful on Washday. Most sore hands come from having them immersed in hot water for long periods. Then, if you rub clothes with softened hands, little cracks may appear in the skin.

So save your hands as much as possible. By using Persil on washday your hands will be in and out of water in the shortest possible time and you'll hardly ever need to rub.

Avoid Cold Winds on Wet Hands. Always rinse off soap in cold water and dry hands thoroughly before even answering the door. Dry with a massaging movement from fingers to wrist—casing cuticles back gently.

If your hands show any tendency to get rough and red, avoid wearing kid gloves in cold weather. Instead wear gloves of wool, lamb or doe-skin or thick cotton.

Our Readers' Column

5/- for Washday Hints

More readers who have won 5/- for their washday tips! Have you sent in yours yet? Write it down now and post to Mrs. Holiday.

Miss McAtamney Do not discard Summer Street your old bobby-Orange, N.S.W. pins, you will find them invaluable for keeping those freshly ironed pleats in place whilst hanging in the wardrobe.

Mrs. L. Breen "Tutes" When washing flimsy nets, muslin curtains, laces, etc., fold them into small shapes and keep them thus throughout the whole course of laundering. It will save them being torn and also keep them straight.

She thought her washing was white



... till she saw these PERSIL-WASHED SHEETS over the garden fence!

When you see something extra white, what does it set you thinking of? Why, Persil of course! Nearly everyone knows—Persil washes whiter. And the reason is—BECAUSE PERSIL WASHES CLEANER

You see, Persil's oxygen-charged suds are extra thorough—yet as gentle as can be. That's why you can trust your coloured prints and blouses, your cherished silks and woollies to Persil. There's nothing safer!



J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

P87.40.

Should children mind baby during picnics?

I THINK it is a shame that the eldest child, or any child, should have to look after the youngest at a picnic (H. McGregor, 26/4/41).

You are only young once, and a picnic is something you look forward to for weeks when a child.

Mothers should ensure a carefree happy day for children so that they can romp and play to their hearts' content.

Mrs. J. Thompson, Ward St., North Adelaide.

Keen to help

CHILDREN who mind their little brothers or sisters at picnics do so because they like it, rather than because they are compelled.

There are very few mothers so selfish as to spoil a holiday for the children.

I have often gone with baby to picnics, parties and juvenile balls solely because the older children wanted baby to be there, to "show him off" to their schoolmates.

Mrs. R. Fletcher, 22 Wade St., Campsie, N.S.W.

Baby an attraction

I HAVE never found any difficulty in having babies minded at picnics. They are a source of attraction and any kiddie loves to watch over a baby. Even if I wish to take



Any kiddie loves to watch over a baby.

part in games there are always plenty of willing helpers to do the minding.

If baby can toddle why worry, and if not he is generally quite good seated in his pram, watching the small fry enjoy life.

Mrs. Nancy Wayne, 51 Dumbarton St., North Sydney.

Tired mothers

IT is wise of any mother to train her older children to look after the younger ones.

Why begrudge the tired mother a few hours' relaxation?

Mrs. L. Jones, 29 Palmer St., Richmond, Vic.

AMUSEMENT ESSENTIAL

RECENTLY I heard someone criticise a woman who had only a few shillings a week for going to the pictures twice a week.

Personally I cannot blame that woman.

It has always seemed to me that those who can least afford to go to the pictures are precisely the people who should go most often.

The more drab your days are, the fewer home comforts you have and the harder you have to work, the more you should relieve monotony and forget your troubles.

Mrs. L. Cahill, 60b Westbury St., East St. Kilda, Melbourne.

EXPENSIVE PHOTOGRAPHS

IF we have a photograph taken, we are immediately asked to donate one to so many admiring friends that the cost mounts up considerably. Would it not be a good plan for the sitter to get tickets from the photographer to give to all who desired a photo, and then they could go and pay for as many as they wanted?

Mrs. D. Eadie, 166 Victoria St., Waverley, N.S.W.

LIPSTICK CURTAILED

SOME nations have ordered dress "reform" for women, with curtailment of the use of lipstick, perms, high-heeled shoes, ornaments, and brightly-colored clothing.

Surely this is robbing the glorious modern girl of all her gay plumage and leaving her a creature of unlovely drabness.

I love to see the hordes of perfectly groomed girls in public life to-day, with all their confidence and color.

Mrs. H. Gollschewsky, c/o W. Strathdee, New Bundaberg, Qld.

READ IN BED

IT is my opinion that there would be less insomnia if people would read in bed for a while at night.

If the book is not too exciting it soothes the nerves and makes you throw off the troubles of the day.

Some people say it strains your eyes, but I do not think this is so if you have a good reading-lamp. I have read in bed for years, and I am an excellent sleeper.

D. Maynard, Jeffcott St., North Adelaide.

Housewives in the war effort

THE housewife can play her part in the war effort quite well by purchasing carefully. She should buy only the very essentials for ordinary comfort and make sure that the articles are made in Australia.

By doing so she will be helping to keep money in Australia which is badly needed just now, and also save shipping space, which is even more important.

If she refrains from indulging in small luxuries she will help our own manufacturers to make an all-in effort in the production of the requirements of war.

£1 for this letter to Mrs. J. A. Hicks, 3 Yabsley Ave., Ashfield, N.S.W.

No suitable substitute for "mother"

FEW people would be willing to substitute the name "Dearest" for "Mother" (Miss Ross, 26/4/41).

The word Mother has all the hallowed associations of countless generations behind it. Essentially feminine, many of the traditions of our race centre around the word.

"Dearest" is a sickly, sentimental, sexless word, used indiscriminately by some people to acquaintances and real friends alike. Most of the time it means absolutely nothing.

English-speaking peoples are not likely to allow any word to supplant the time-honored "Mother."

Mrs. Esther Hume, c/o The Economic Store, Bowen Hills N1, Brisbane.

Respect and homage

There is no nicer name than "Mother," to my way of thinking.

As soon as we begin to talk, one of the first things we say is Mum, Mum, Mum, so why change over from those hesitating first words?

It is not what we really call the person that we know as Mother that really matters, but the intonation with which we address her when calling or speaking her name that shows our respect and homage. Mrs. R. Dickinson, Airlie, 74 Trenerry Cres., Abbotsford, Vic.

Delightful title

TALKING of a title for Mother, I agree that "Dearest" is beautiful. My son, when only a small boy, quite on his own account dropped the title of "Mother" and adopted "Darlin'" for me, and "Darlin'" I've been ever since, regardless of companions, time, or place.

Surely the fact that a child chooses his own terms of endearment should make them acceptable by his parents.

If he prefers "Dearest" to "Mother," why not let him use it? Mrs. D. McGrath, Timmsvale, via Coramba, N.S.W.

Too revolutionary

TO substitute "Dearest" for Mother is, I think, far too revolutionary for the majority of mothers.

Personally, the word "Mummy" on the lips of my small son and daughter has a significance no other term, however endearing, could supply.

As for being common—are not the great words, as well as the great experiences, common to all of us? That is what makes them great.

Mrs. J. R. McNamara, 33 Bringa Ave., E. Camberwell, Melbourne.

Through this page you can share your opinions. Write briefly, giving your views on any topical or controversial subject. Pen names are not permitted and letters must be original.

For the best letter published each week we award £1, and 2/6 for others. Address "Be They Say," The Australian Women's Weekly. Enclose stamped envelope if unused letter is to be returned.

MEN AND FLOWERS

MEN do not like carrying flowers. They say it is "cissy" to do so. Do readers think it effeminate?

When two of my friends sent me a bouquet by their husbands, the men placed them under the tram seats, and the delicate blooms were badly bruised.

Men seem to think that if they admit to a love of beauty it will be taken as a sign of weakness.

Mrs. Ray Randall, Room 6, Second Floor, National Mutual Building, Queen St., Brisbane.

TOO MUCH LIBERTY

A MODERN father who said that he never hit his child except in self-defence sums up in a nutshell the relationship between many parents and children to-day.

I think children are allowed too much liberty. From infancy they are placed on an equal footing with adults, and allowed to express their desires and opinions. If every whim is not satisfied the child flies into a tantrum, and eventually the house is run to the child's wishes.

N. Lee, Kia-Ora, Macaulay Rd., Stanmore, N.S.W.

LOST OPPORTUNITIES

HOW many opportunities are often lost by thinking things over too much and acting too little?

Men and women who succeeded in life have always been those who acted promptly to carry out their schemes. It is surely better to try to do what we would like to, or feel we should, instead of wasting time and energy thinking about it.

E. McLennan, 213 Lyons St. North, Ballarat, Vic.

SOCIAL BUTTERFLIES

WHY do people always speak so scathingly of social butterflies?

These girls are decorative, and the money they spend gives employment to many people.

They do not occupy jobs that are needed by other girls, however much they might hanker after independence.

And in war time the voluntary work done by the so-called social butterflies is most worthy.

Ruby McGrath, Box 57, Brookton, W.A.

Condemn or pity these busy gossipers?

WOMEN who indulge in malicious gossip are on the whole to be pitied rather than censured (Miss Joan Malcolm, 26/4/41).

It is because they have not enough to occupy their minds that they indulge in this habit.

If these women occupied every minute of their day with constructive work, they would have no time for idle gossip. Unfortunately the desire to create a sensation often proves their undoing, and in the story they tell it is difficult to find the original grain of truth.

Moreover, it is often difficult for the maligned one to deny the assertions absolutely, because of that tiny grain.

Miss R. Walker, 168 Rowe St., Eastwood, N.S.W.

In minority

IT is very wrong to condemn all women as gossipers.

Gossipmongers are in the minority. Most people nowadays are too busy with war work to have time for gossip. They rush through their housework and then get out as quickly as possible to aid the war effort. Busy people do not bother with gossip.

Mrs. Howard, P.O., Beaudesert, Qld.



They sit around gossiping.

Not our affair

UNFORTUNATELY many people are ever ready to enjoy gossip. Often there is not a grain of truth in it, but even if it were true how much better it would be to close our eyes and hold our busy tongues as to what after all is not any concern of ours.

We should take care of our own lives, which is a full-time job, and leave others in peace.

The more time we give to hearing or spreading idle gossip the less we have for the worthwhile things which are so badly needed to-day.

Mrs. L. Grace, 216 Burwood Rd., Burwood, N.S.W.

KEEPS THE HOME FIRES OUT!



Firemen have a tough job at any time, but in winter it gets worse than ever. If you think a fireman's job is easy, then listen to this. "The hardest part of our job isn't fighting fires," say most firemen, "it's waiting for them! Yes, the fire station house is a pretty cold place in winter, but Bonox helps us out there. Those big, steaming cups of Bonox certainly give us a lift! Bonox is a lifesaver in winter, no matter what your job! Bonox pours new strength into your bloodstream—gives you a lift, and keeps your head above the 'flu line. So drop into any cafe, hotel or milk bar for a steaming cupful of Bonox. Buy a bottle on your way home."

K.S.

CHEMIST SAYS

SKIN LOVELINESS IS POSSIBLE ONLY THROUGH SKIN-HEALTH. REXONA SOAP KEEPS THE SKIN THOROUGHLY HEALTHY—AND BEAUTY FOLLOWS, NATURALLY.



If skin faults don't respond quickly to Rexona Soap care, then your skin needs the complete Rexona treatment—Rexona Soap and Ointment.

TREATMENT: Wash frequently with Rexona Soap. At night smear a little Rexona Ointment on the affected parts. This wonderful treatment rapidly heals the most obstinate blemishes, leaves the skin clear and unmarked.



FOR skin-health, for skin beauty—Rexona! Rexona is the only soap containing Cadyl. This special compound of medications gently draws out the impurities from the pores, where all skin troubles start. Rexona ensures complexion loveliness the natural way—through skin health. Start using Rexona right away!

REXONA
is more than a beauty soap,
it's a
Complete Skin Treatment

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FOR SOFT ADAPTABLE CURLS

See that your hairdresser perms your hair with Eugeneol sachets. Only Eugeneol sachets will give you lustrous curls that are soft, truly adaptable to any hair style—and long lasting!

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There's no curl like the Eugene curl.

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IT CREAMS, IT SOFTENS, IT BEAUTIFIES!

1/1 and 2/2 (Economy Size)

FREE OFFER! To put

sunshine in your hair send this ad, with

your name, address and colour of your hair

to Box 900-OG, G.P.O. Sydney, and 3d. pkt.

Camellia Cream will be sent free.

W.W.17/2/41



NOT MADE OF RUBBER

The FIGURE CONTROL CORSET is definitely NOT made of rubber. It is tailor-made of selected, beautifully-figured corset material... porous, long-wearing and washable. It reduces and controls the figure in absolute comfort and safety.

FIGURE CONTROL CORSET SENT TO YOU ON 7 Days' FREE TRIAL

I want you to know more about the FIGURE CONTROL CORSET and my personal, individual corsetry service! You can prove, quickly and definitely, that the FIGURE CONTROL CORSET will reduce your waist and hips, give comforting support and uplift to your abdomen, and lovely, slim, youthful grace and energy to your figure.

I invite you to wear the FIGURE CONTROL CORSET for 7 days at my expense. You'll be thrilled with the results. If not perfectly satisfied, you can return the Corset and the test will not cost you a penny. Call for a FREE trial fitting and demonstration or post the FREE coupon, NOW!

★ Keep your figure forever young

INSTANTLY REDUCE your WAIST and HIPS

With FIGURE CONTROL; the
CORSET that NEVER lets you down!

No need now for dieting, or to take dangerous drugs or tiring exercises. The FIGURE CONTROL CORSET will give you a slimmer, smarter, more youthful figure, enabling you to wear chic, youthfully-cut clothes immediately.

Your figure is beautified with every move you make. The FIGURE CONTROL CORSET

corrects your figure faults... providing wonderful ease and comfort whilst reducing, supporting and controlling the abdomen. Bulges are smoothed out... you actually reduce at waist, hips, and thighs. You look and feel so much younger; so much smarter.

The FIGURE CONTROL CORSET has an exclusive ADJUSTABLE fold-over front, with perfectly flat, patented fastenings. No busks or lacing. No back opening. The elastic inserts have an underlay of

slightly loose sheer lining for stretch control, allowing for slight expansion and contraction with every movement of the body, and thus gently, almost imperceptibly, clearing away the fat which has accumulated in the tissues. It has flexible, spiral steel boning, permitting you to bend forwards, backwards, sideways, easily and freely; slimming and disciplining your curves without restricting your freedom.

As comfortable to wear as a well-fitting glove, the FIGURE CONTROL CORSET keeps you UP and it keeps you IN. My clients call it "The Corset that NEVER lets you down." Tailor-made and tailor-made to solve YOUR figure problem. Light and strong, yet perfectly flexible, it will keep its lovely lines as long as it is worn.

WARNING! The FIGURE CONTROL CORSET has been imitated in appearance, but is NEVER EQUALLED in value or performance. To be sure of getting the original and only GENUINE FIGURE CONTROL CORSET, always look for my name, Florence Bradshaw, and make sure of my ONLY address: FIGURE CONTROL CORSET CO., 243 ELIZABETH ST., SYDNEY.

POST THIS COUPON

— SEND NO
— MONEY

Miss Florence Bradshaw,
FIGURE CONTROL CORSET CO.,
P.A. Buildings,
239-243 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

Without cost or obligation, send me full particulars of the FIGURE CONTROL CORSET and your 7 DAYS' FREE TRIAL OFFER.

NAME

ADDRESS

A.W.M.

Music with a Message

Continued from page 3

the grim faces of five of his closest friends and associates in the trade. He cracked completely, achieving a small peep that would have sounded much better emanating from a flute. His long-hairs floundered to a halt.

Prof wet his lips and finally managed a weak smile. "I—I didn't know you boys were in town," he said. "This—this is a real surprise, fellows."

"It sure is," said Frosty Moore, still darkly eyeing a harpist. "One more surprise like this and I'm going to quit drinking that stuff."

Mr. Bennett had never been slow on the uptake. He caught the melody and after a minute asked warily, "You just happened by?"

"Why, Prof," Fats said reproachfully, "you should know better than that. You didn't think your old pals would let you make that trip down the aisle alone, did you?"

Mr. Bennett shook his head slowly. "No," he said, certain now that they were waiting him. "No, I might have known better than that."

Fats was watching the music lovers clustered around the punch-bowls. On close sight they were even more offensive.

"These are very strange jitter-bugs," he said finally. "I guess they come with the music, huh, Prof?"

Prof knew the chips were down then. "Wait a minute," he said soberly. "I wasn't trying to pull a fast one, Fats. I was only keeping this quiet until we got back from our honeymoon." Their carefully blank faces didn't help any, and his eyes were suddenly dark and troubled.

"It's—it's just that I saw we weren't accomplishing anything with that old clam-bake stuff. You know what Vera says? What we lacked was significance!"

"Significance?" said Mr. Frosty Moore. "Sure. Civilisation crumbles and what do we do? We go on rug-cutting!"

The boys glanced at one another. "We get your idea," Fats said with quiet dignity. "But naturally we

were quite upset to hear you have decided swing was dying a dog's death. When Lovey—"

Mr. Bennett froze behind his glasses. "Lovey?" he said frigidly. "I doubt that Miss La Marr could understand the actual reasons for my decision. With us, there was never a meeting of minds."

"So we heard," said Mr. Miff Dowdey. "What gave, anyhow?"

"We had a misunderstanding. I did not like her continuing as a bubble dancer and she took it as a reflection on her work. She was under the impression I did not consider it a true art."

Mr. Bennett's fiancée had been watching his callers and, sensing possible recruits for the cause, she came up now and slipped her arm through the prominent trumpet's. "I haven't met your friends, Edgar," she said reprovingly, giving them what passed for a warm smile.

Prof hurriedly made the introductions. None of them had ever met a lady cello before and only Mr. Fats Harrison could come up with a little speech. "How do you do?" he said politely. "We are always happy to meet one of Prof's fiancées."

Vera gave him a very cold stare. Prof hurriedly picked up the chorus. The boys, he explained, had come all the way across the country just to witness his wedding. Perhaps once they had met her friends and understood how much a musician could do in these troubled times—

All was instantly forgiven. "They must meet Igor!" she exclaimed. "No one can explain our mission better than he!"

After she had gone off to look for him Prof, somewhat embarrassed, glanced at the boys. "I know these people seem sort of strange at first," he said, "but once you know them—"

Mr. Frosty Moore shook his head. "We don't want any of this Moscow awing, Prof. We hear that over there they do it on lamp-posts."

THE salon group was already drifting back to the stand and the boys prepared to blow. "We'll be seeing you, Prof," said Mr. Harrison. "As a matter of fact, we would like to toss you a little dinner the night before you get married."

Prof was obviously moved at this gesture that they were still chums. "That's mighty swell of you," he began, and then his face fell. "I'm afraid Vera—"

"Look, pal," Mr. Frosty Moore said coldly, "even a bridegroom's got some rights. We'll see you at the stag."

The boys were just making their escape when Vera bore down on them with a slender, toucan-haired party known as Igor. Igor, it seemed, was the head of the Musicians' Cultural League. He immediately turned on so much charm that it spilled all over the lawn.

He was just getting well into his song-and-dance when Mr. Fats Harrison tapped him on the shoulder. "That's mighty fine, chum," he said, "and I am only sorry we will have to skip it right now. It just happens that we are en route to a heavy conference with a bubble dancer."

Miss La Marr's celebrated bubble dance took place thrice nightly at the Paradise Club, and it was after the second show there that she received the steering committee, the Messrs. Harrison and Moore, in her dressing-room. The other boys, they explained, had been so upset by their contact with the intelligentsia that they had adjourned to various bars and things.

Lovey had slipped on a dressing-robe and somehow her eyes seemed large and tired.

"What did Prof say?" she asked. Fats shrugged. "He said plenty but none of it made any sense. We didn't even make a dent, Lovey."

She nodded, trying to keep the disappointment from her face.

Frosty Moore was frowning. "For a bridegroom," he said, "he did not seem to have a lot of that old I-love-you-truly. This deep thinking has caused him to meet up with a lot of pinkies, and this cello is just another one of the same. So there he is—right in the middle."

Lovey's lip trembled and Mr. Harrison gave Frosty a cold look that said certain clarinets would do well to avoid such delicate subjects.

"All I can figure," he began hurriedly, "is that Prof is a gone goose unless he should happen to back-slide."

"If that lady cello were to learn he still liked to rip out she would certainly take it the hard way."

"So?" Fats shrugged his massive shoulders.

"So we are giving Prof a little stag before he takes the veil. Maybe something will give."

At nine-thirty on the evening before Prof was to be raffled off, the distinguished ride-men and their guest of honor assembled in a private supper-room of a smart hotel. Facing one another across the banquet table there was only a glum silence.

It wasn't until the dinner was finished and they were on their second lap of liquid refreshment that things brightened up a bit. It was then that with a suitable, inarticulate speech Fats presented Prof with the boys' wedding gift. It was in a large black case, and after Mr. Bennett had opened it he was so choked up that he could not speak.

It was a beautiful silver trumpet, appropriately engraved with the names of the donors. The card accompanying it said simply, "Good luck, Gate."

"Thanks a lot, fellows," Prof said finally. "I—it makes me feel like old times just to look at it."

Mr. Fats Harrison slipped the boys the look. "He had promised Lovey that at least there would be one last groove session. The boys had sent over their instruments just in case of a tie and now Fats rose to the occasion."

"Well, Prof," he said sadly, "this is it. It's where we get off. Maybe we ought to take just one chorus for old times' sake."

Prof wavered, trying to fight off the nostalgic weakness that swept over him at the sight of their eager, wistful faces.

"Well," he said weakly, "I suppose we could take one crack at 'Bugle Call Rag.'"

In another ten seconds they were ready for action. Prof reverently lifted the new silver trumpet to his lips. He gave them the one-two and they were off, taking it lightly and politely until they got the feel of the acoustics. Pastmasters of the five, they were sitting solid at the end of the first reading. Then, ready for the onslaught, they looked up.

Prof held up one finger, indicating Mr. Fats Harrison. That ample party was immediately on his feet, taking his chorus as it came to him. He played a strictly Texas trombone, each husky infection a little more torrid than the last.

Please turn to page 40

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Vera Brittain's testament to courage

Poignant record of heroism of civilians in Britain's finest hour



Twenty-five years ago Vera Brittain waited all one day by a telephone in Brighton for a call from her fiance home from France.

When the message came, it was a telegram to say that he had died of wounds.

THOSE years of the last war, which shattered the young days of so many men and women, she described in her famous book, "Testament of Youth."

Now, in 1941, she has written a book of this war, "England's Hour."

In the intervening years she married, had two children, and devoted a great part of her work as a writer to an endeavor that "it should not happen again."

"The part played in this war by England herself has been wholly different from her share in the last," she writes.

"In the last war the difference between the lives led by soldiers at the front and by civilians at home caused a barrier of inconceivable experience to harden between the fighting men and the women who loved them.

"To-day both suffering and suspense are universal in England herself. The painful ache of anxiety is felt as often by husbands for wives as by wives for husbands . . .

"The marks of war, so deeply inscribed on London, are written on towns and villages, too. Often they appear more clearly in the eyes of her women, and sometimes, alas, of her children, than upon the faces of her men."

A woman of notable ability as a writer, possessor of an unusually clear and dispassionate vision, Vera Brittain is also the mother of two children.

Thus she can tell, as she does in one chapter, of the heartache of thousands of other mothers when their children were evacuated overseas.

"All the necessary clothes that I can lay hands on go in first; then with a suddenly overwhelming nausea I pack their personal treasures—Richard's stamp collection and Hilary's private zoo. How long before I see those cherished posses-

sions again? Six months? Two years? A lifetime?

"O God, I cannot bear it! 'Yet swift as thought from nowhere comes the reply. 'You've got to bear it. This is war. You know already from your own experience that war takes the dearest human relationships and tramples them ruthlessly in the dust. It has no concern for love and marriage, for maternity and childhood. If you want to save your children, you must pay its price.'"

And the departure . . . "Apparently without a qualm the children exhibit their papers and their money."

"The only thing that worried me," Richard confesses, "was whether they'd let me keep the five shillings Granny gave me as well as my ten pounds."

"And did they, darling?"

"Yes," chimed in Hilary. "They didn't mind a bit, Richard said. 'Have I got to give you my five shillings because I'm only supposed to take ten pounds?' And the man said, 'Never mind, sonny; we won't worry about that.'"

Dearest possessions

"A COLD, rainy wind blows suddenly over the docks. Beyond the enclosure we see now the grey-painted bulk of the anonymous liner, waiting to carry away from us the dearest possessions that are ours on earth. No—not our possessions. We never possessed them; they possessed themselves."

"At the entrance to the gangway they turn and wave cheerfully. Then the tarpaulin flaps behind them, and they are gone."

Later Vera Brittain worked in the offices of the Children's Overseas Reception Board, interviewing escorts for the Government evacuation scheme.

"One of the escorts chosen is named Mary Cornish; she is a music teacher from Baker Street. She impresses us as courageous and responsible, but we shall not know the full

measure of her quality until late in September after she has kept six boys alive for eight days in a life-boat from the torpedoed City of Benares." (The rescuer was Australia's Squadron Leader Garing.)

"The applicants are good, bad and indifferent (by far the greatest number being in the last of those three categories).

"In collaboration I and my fellow interviewer put to the applicants a succession of questions."

"Then we take the initiative. 'Do you realize what this job will mean? You will have to take charge of fifteen children of both sexes and look after them on the boat from start to finish. You will have to assume as much responsibility as if you were their mother. It will mean getting them up, putting them to bed, seeing that they go to their meals and eat the proper food, as well as keeping them amused . . .

"And if it's the Atlantic, it's certain to be rough, and you may find



CHILDREN of hop pickers in Kent watch an air battle from a trench. This magnificent picture is used as an illustration in "England's Hour."

yourself in charge of fifteen seasick children all the way across."

"To find 500 dependable men and women, the members of the Advisory Panel have interviewed between them 15,000 of the 40,000 who applied. At night their faces, their clothes, their answers come constantly into my dreams, and I awaken to hear myself repeating the standard question: 'And could you take full responsibility for 15 seasick children?'"

"England's Hour," by Vera Brittain, Macmillan and Co., Ltd. (Our copy from N.S.W. Bookstall Library.)

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First of all rub the dust off the shoes. Then with a piece of cloth wrapped round the fingers, rub in a large quantity of Kiwi Polish. When the polish is well rubbed in dip the cloth in water (which you can have ready in the top of the tin) and rub thoroughly all over the shoes. Now polish briskly whilst there are still little globules of water over the shoes. A perfect "mirror finish" will result.

One day, on parade in a camp in Australia, an officer noticed the highly polished boots of one of his men (we'll call him George) and asked him what polish he used. He replied "Kiwi" and then further explained the Kiwi "mirror-finish" method of polishing boots. The officer was very interested and said that George's boots were the best polished boots he'd ever seen.

Now it so happened that this same Lieutenant was Orderly Officer that night and one of George's cobbler was picked for the guard. It was the custom at the guard inspection for the Orderly Officer to select the best turned out man, who was made "stick orderly," thereby earning freedom from lateness for 24 hours. Just before the new guard fell in, George's cobbler burst into the hut and said "George, I've pressed me uniform and hat, but I haven't had time to do me boots—lend us yours and I'm sure to 'get the stick'."

George obliged and was amused to hear later that not only had his cobbler got what he wanted, but the officer had remarked "What wonderfully polished boots—Kiwi I suppose? I thought I'd seen a well polished pair this morning, but these are much better." No one ever told him they were the same boots!

Wherever George goes he is complimented on the Kiwi polish of his boots. He admits he is lazy and would never use anything but Kiwi, having proved in private life its ability to give a quick and lasting shine and preserve the leather. Wherever you go, you'll notice that all the best polished shoes are shined with Kiwi.

KIWI

BLACK • DARK TAN • ARMY TAN



Music with a Message

Continued from page 38

ONE after another, all the boys were in there speaking their pieces loud and hot. After each had taken his chorus they paid tribute to their guest of honor, leaving him the last passage for his very own.

A faint mist already spreading over his glasses, Prof sent it away. Never had "Bugle Call Rag" had such a powerhouse reading; never had it been sent so high and so far in so short a time. Prof could never stop when he was really in the groove and so he went right on into Ja Da. In another four bars they were all in there, beating it right down to the bricks.

Twenty choruses later, his glasses completely steamed up and conscious only that it was flowing full and fast within him, Prof's trumpet swept them into one of their most famous numbers. Completely out-of-the-world, achieving heights that all of them knew no trumpet would ever again attain, he tore it down. The boys were still trying for a tie when they became dimly aware that a mirage was taking place in the room.

After a moment Mr. Fats Harrison vaguely realised that this visitation

was not a mirage after all but, instead, was a warm and undulating fact. A few choruses before a mysterious young woman wearing a dark veil and a full-length coat had slipped into the room. Having discarded the disguise, she was now giving her all.

Lovey, wrapped only in gossamer chiffon, was giving out in the best Lady Fatima tradition. Her hands held before her eyes, palms outwards, she slithered across the room. It was the first time she had ever worked without her bubble but no spectator would have complained. Even in this pagan routine Lovey was an artist and kept her art on a high plane. She swirled about the room, giving with more and more abandon the complete buff.

While even the boys regarded this as a somewhat odd tribute to pay an ex-love, it was still a most inspiring way to say adieu to life's more tender emotions. Touched by such delicate sentiments, they strove to match her tribute.

Their increasing tempo finally reached such alarming proportions

that Prof gradually became aware something must be taking place. He was peering at Lovey through his misty lenses, vainly trying to reconcile his sight and his reasoning, when the arrival of a riot squad brought the evening to a fitting climax.

The beefy lieutenant gave one horrified look at Lovey's art. And then, his professional sense of virtue outraged by such going-on, he belted: "You can't get away with that in Chicago. Call out the wagon, boys! We'll take them all down to the station!"

To their horror, the boys found themselves with a public when they arrived at the bastille. Cameramen and reporters were waiting at the desk and at the sight of them Prof's darkest suspicions were confirmed. When he had recognised his erstwhile love being shoved into the wagon with them he had given her one cold look and relapsed into grim silence. Lovey, wrapped in her overcoat, had to fight back the tears.

With great glee the cameramen went into action at the sight of the newsworthy haul. Bulbs flashed, the dazed defendants were pushed this way and that, and found themselves giving incoherent statements to the Press. All that is, except Prof. He was cross-examining a reporter.

"Isn't this a rather large reception committee?" he asked coldly. "It sure is," the man said happily. "The minute we got the tip we beat it down here. Brother, you'll make all the front pages! It's a swell tie-in with your wedding!"

It appeared that the police, too, had received a tip on the proceedings. The desk sergeant said dryly that some dame had called in and reported that at midnight some very strange happenings could be observed at a certain hotel. If they were really interested in the public morals she said they would do well to look into the matter.

Prof whirled on Lovey. "I knew it!" he cried. "This was your idea of fixing me up with Vera! Well, you'll find out it won't make any difference to her. You and your muscle art!"

Lovey froze at that. "Muscle art!" she raged. "Listen here, Prof Bennett—"

A matron hustled her away to her cell. The boys, still vainly protesting at the indignity of being tossed into the clink in Chicago, of all places, were led toward the men's tank.

Only Fats Harrison maintained a philosophic view on the matter. "Look, Prof," he said reprovingly, "you oughta be proud a little lady like Lovey thought enough of you to get tossed in the can with us. You never heard of Lovey La Marr being arrested for anybody else, did you?"

"What's that got to do with it?" Prof demanded bitterly. "Just when

"Pipe down," said the turnkeys.

THEY had halted before the last tank. The dimmed lights revealed a number of shadowy figures already occupying the cell. "Just some Communists," the gaoler said cheerfully. "They were staging demonstrations all over the town to-night, boys."

The door slammed behind them. The figures in the cell stirred and one of them, a slender, tousle-haired party, suddenly stepped forward, peering at Prof. Then he seized his hand and wrung it with violent enthusiasm. "So they got you, too!" he cried. "Welcome, Comrade!"

Prof stared at him. Then, slowly curdling inside, he saw that it was that eminent thinker, Igor, who was wringing his hand. Other comrades were pressing in around him, warmly congratulating him on his martyrdom for the cause. There were three members of his new salon combo and most of the others were prominent in the Musicians' Cultural League. All of them were among Vera's dearest friends and master thinkers.

Mr. Bennett's colleagues had also recognised their cellmates. "So?" Prof began indignantly and then Fats dug a warning thumb in his ribs. He had noticed the mist that was creeping over Prof's glasses.

"Listen, Igor," Prof said coldly. "I want you to understand—" Igor was still pumping his hand. "Nothing will please Vera more!" he bubbled. "There were times when she worried whether you would make the sacrifices the party requires. Congratulations, Comrade!"

By then Mr. Bennett was slowly coming out of the fog. "It seems I have made a slight mistake here and there," he said. "I think I had better make a few things clear to these parties."

His flat clenched ominously.

There was a capacity house when the defendants appeared for their hearing in the morning. Outside matrons whose appetites had been whetted by the newspaper accounts struggled for seats with loyal jitterbugs who were there to see that justice was done. Only Miss Vera Block was conspicuously absent.

She had coldly informed the Press that the wedding would take place as soon as Prof was released on bail.

Lovey was already before the bar when her co-defendants were led into court. When Prof had caught onto the lyrics the night before, she had known, once and for all, that she had dropped the decision. But even in defeat her profile was as haughty as ever.

SUDDENLY, as she glanced at Prof, her face whitened. His hand was bandaged and there was a cut on his nose. All the boys were taped here and there and Mr. Frosty Moore was peeping at his Honor through a magnificent shiner.

The judge, a large, white-haired man, held a whispered consultation with the bailiff as the charges were read off.

"Why, this is outrageous!" he declared. "I have never heard of such things taking place in Cook County!"

The boys glanced helplessly at Prof, whom they had agreed upon as their legal mind. Mr. Bennett was no help whatsoever. He had passed a very bad night and this morning could think of nothing but Lovey. "Speak up, Prof!" Frosty implored. "Don't just stand there!"

It was evident, however, that the judge was not yet finished. He had, it seemed, just been informed of certain incidents that had transpired in their cell last night. There were no words to express his horror, his shock. The boys grew more and more upset, visualising themselves giving out in striped uniforms.

The judge's bushy brows were contracted. "To learn," he thundered, "that you poor boys were set upon by Communists is not only outrageous but terrifying!" The poor boys stared at one another and the judge prompted them gruffly: "You were set upon, weren't you? Out-numbered and attacked by them on all sides?"

Lovey's eyes widened at this startling information and, for that matter, so did the defendants. There was a murmur in the court, and the bailiff rapped sharply for order. Only Prof was equal to the emergency.

"That's right, your Honor," he said. "They sprang at us from behind."

The judge shook his head. "Just as I surmised," he said darkly. He was looking at Mr. Harrison's taped forehead. "What did they do to you?"

Fats was no fool. "Me?" he said. "I was lying on the floor when one of them kicked me. When I rolled over, he kicked me again. Hard."

"To have this happen to American citizens is horrifying!" said the judge. "I cannot believe—"

Mr. Frosty Moore sought to reassure him. "It's all right, your Honor," he said. "They had to take them to the receiving hospital!"

The judge coughed hurriedly, ignoring Mr. Moore's contribution. He was there, he said, only to see that justice was rendered. That was the sole purpose of the courts.

The young lady standing before him, he said, had already been punished by some most unfortunate publicity.

He looked down into their eager faces. "I have little choice left to me," he said gravely. "Under the circumstances, I feel that all of you have already suffered enough. I have no alternative but to dismiss the charges!"

A wild burst of applause broke out in the aisles.

The law was still striving to cope with it as the joyous defendants clustered around Prof and Lovey. She was staring at him.

"Communists?" she said faintly. "Communists, Prof?"

"We met up with some of Vera's chums from the uplift circles," he said gravely. There was a look in his eyes that hurriedly brought the color to her face. "And—and, Lovey, I found out I was wrong in more ways than one. I was thinking that after I got my old band back together I could use a bubble dancer in the act."

Her lip quivered. "It's too late now, Prof," she said brokenly. "After all this publicity I could never face a public again. I—I'm going to retire."

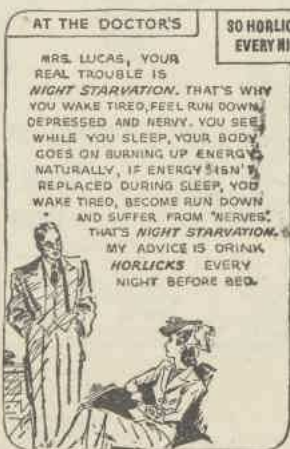
Mr. Bennett showed then that a deep thinker is always quick on the uptake. He stared at her, suddenly took her in his arms and kissed her, then turned and sped up the aisle. Frosty Moore stared after him.

"Where's he going?" he demanded.

"Offhand," said Mr. Fats Harrison. "I would say he is about to call a certain lady cello and tell her that she would do well to find herself a new bridegroom. It seems he has other plans." (Copyright)



Separation - or second Honeymoon?



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WRITERS IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

People born at this time of the year are either the meanest or the most extravagant and generous in the world.

MUCH depends on their training in early life and on the degree of self-control and unselfishness they develop as they go through their first 10 or 15 years.

Taurians are those whose birthdays fall between April 21 and May 22 and those at whose birth moment the sign Taurus happened to be rising in the East.

The majority of Taurians are rather short, thickset, round-faced, short-necked, tip-nosed and fresh-complexioned.

A few are Amazonian in build, and with a Taurus rising sign these characteristics are accentuated, and sometimes real fairness develops.

As a rule Taurians believe money is made round to go round, and will spend generously on others and extravagantly on themselves. The few who do not adhere to this rule seem to become veritable misers.

Generally, however, they like luxuries and pleasures, and if denied them become rather hard to live with. But excepting when they are crossed and resort to sulking, they can be merry comrades and kindly neighbors.

The Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): May 22 and 23 (till dusk) can turn into helpful days for dignified, wise Arians. Opportunities may occur or affairs in general show a modest improvement. Hard work will help.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Be cautious on May 17 and 18 (daylight), but May 18 (evening), 19 and 20 produce radiations which can be utilized satisfactorily by Taurians who work hard, wisely and consistently. Don't attempt the impossible, but seek advancement of some kind then.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): The planetary radiations now begin to favor you, so you should plan a constructive, active, productive few weeks. Meanwhile May 22 and 23 very fair. Set new ventures or changes in motion then.

CANCER (June 22 to July 22): May 18 (after dusk), 19 and 20 offer desirable, though not strong, radiations, which wide-awake Cancerians can turn to good account. Concentrate on semi-important things.

LEO (July 22 to August 22): Be cautious just a while longer, especially on May 17 and 18. For your stars may give a last nasty flutter then. If you are unwary, many difficulties and annoyances can arise. Things improve somewhat, however on May 22 and 23 (daylight).

VIRGO (August 22 to September 22): The things you've left undone must start that way for a while. Your efforts will meet with some degree of frustration and delay during the next few weeks. Concentrate on routine matters. Be cautious on May 18 (night), 19 and 20.

LIBRA (September 22 to October 22): Better times are ahead, but you can't afford to be rash yet. Use this week for planning and for getting outstanding matters finalized. May 21, 22 and 23 poor.

SCORPIO (October 22 to November 22): Be mighty careful on May 16, 17 and 18 if you would avoid losses, opposition, upsets and regrets. Take care of your possessions, don't endanger friendships or your job. In short be as wise, patient and wary as you can. Slight improvements soon.

SAGITTARIUS (November 22 to December 22): You can attempt unimportant matters on May 17 (until 6 p.m.), and 21 (to dusk), but do not expect to accomplish much. Don't take any risks. All important matters should be held over for some time.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): You can benefit to some degree on May 18 (after dusk), 19 and 20, so continue to seek improvement or changes in your affairs. Start urgent matters or be prepared to let them wait for a few weeks.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Don't take risks of any kind on May 17 or 18, for difficulties, losses and worries are sure to predominate. Keep to routine tasks and try to avoid obstacles, arguments, upsets. Plan ahead. May 21, 22 and 23 fairly fair.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Get semi-important matters on the way on May 18 (night), 19 or 20. If started later this month they will be subject to difficulties and upsets. After May 20 keep to routine tasks.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]



Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, with **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, has been captured by mountain bandits. With them as prisoners are **SONNY WHITE:** And her father, **DR. WHITE:** Of the Orient Museum. When attempting to escape, Mandrake and Lothar find themselves covered with rifles, and in

the course of a parley the bandit chief offers to free them for ten thousand pieces of gold.

Mandrake says he has the money in his car, and by hypnotism makes the chief believe he sees it. They are freed and drive off, leaving the bandit to discover that the pieces of gold are merely fish.

NOW READ ON.



NO GOLD, SONNY. FISH! LOTHAR AND I CAUGHT THEM YESTERDAY. FISH INTO GOLD--GOLD BACK INTO FISH.



NO, SONNY. SIMPLY-- HYPNOTIC.



FISH--NOTHING BUT RIPE FISH!



IT IS NO MATTER. WE'RE WELL RID OF HIM. HE WAS NO MAN-- BUT A DEMON OF THE DESERT! AND AT LEAST-- WE CAN EAT THE FISH.



I'M PRETTY BUSY, DOCTOR WHITE--



AS YOU KNOW, I'M DIRECTOR OF THE ORIENT MUSEUM. WE'VE BEEN HAVING TROUBLE LATELY-- TROUBLE KEEPING GUARDS IN THE EAST WING OF THE BUILDING.



THEY CLAIM TO HAVE SEEN A MUMMY WALKING THROUGH THE HALLS AT NIGHT.



BELIEVE ME, DR. WHITE, THERE'S NOTHING SUPER-NATURAL ABOUT MY ILLUSIONS.

THAT MAY BE SO, MANDRAKE, BUT YOUR MASTERY OF YOUR ART IS SUPERNATURAL.



THAT'S WHY I FEEL YOU CAN HELP US. A DOZEN GUARDS SWEAR THEY SAW A MUMMY WALKING IN THE EAST WING OF THE MUSEUM.



HAVE YOU SEEN IT?

NO. PURE NONSENSE, BUT IT'S BECOME IMPOSSIBLE TO KEEP GUARDS IN THE EAST WING AT NIGHT. THERE ARE PRICELESS TREASURES THERE THAT MUST BE GUARDED.



CAN I TALK TO SOMEONE WHO HAS SEEN IT?

YES, TO OLD RUFUS. HE'S NOW TRANSFERRED TO THE WEST WING. I CAN'T GET HIM BACK INTO THE EAST WING FOR LOVE OR MONEY.



SO YOU'VE SEEN THIS WALKING MUMMY, HAVE YOU, RUFUS?

SEEN IT? I SURE DID! I DOZED OFF ONE NIGHT--I WAKES UP. THERE IT IS--STANDING THERE. IT TURNS AROUND AND WALKS AWAY.



WHERE DID IT GO?

DON'T ASK ME! I WAS TWO BLOCKS AWAY BEFORE YOU COULD WHISTLE! AND I'D QUIT THIS JOB IF I COULD FIND ANOTHER.



YOU SEE WHAT I HAVE TO CONTEND WITH. OH--HERE COMES MR. BENDAR, OUR ASSISTANT CURATOR.



MANDRAKE HAS COME TO INVESTIGATE OUR MUSEUM "HAUNT," MR. BENDAR.

THE WALKING MUMMY? SILLY POPPYCOCK--SEEN BY DRUNKEN FOOLS! WE CAN DISPROVE THE STORY, OURSELVES! WE NEED NO HELP FROM STRANGERS!

TO BE CONTINUED!

MANDRAKE BOOK No. 2 . . . Now on sale at all newsagents . . . DON'T MISS IT!

Certain-to-sell SHORT STORIES

A Vic. Weekly paid £7/18/- for one story. Numerous other students have also obtained good prices. Note: "Nostalgia" in "Smith's" recently brought me between £5 and £6.

"Three serials returned me £163." "For my last story, 'The Darling of Hobart Town,' I received £8/10/4." "In one week I had printed matter in only two papers, 'Smith's' and 'The Bulletin' to the amount of £7/18/-, which I think is rather satisfactory." "I have had three articles accepted by N.O. and broadcast by the A.B.C." "The Bulletin' headlined my story, 'Justice.' I received £4/18/6 for it." "I have just received a cheque for £6/13/8 from 'The Bulletin' for my story, 'Old George.'" "I received £5 for my first story, 'Twin Ships.' Tilly Pulls Through, £8/6/-."

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Leading Stores

Kitty Foyle

Continued from page 5

ANYHOW it was better than Darby Mill, there were no dead animals around the house, no drinking except some sour wine, and I could catch Wyn's eye whenever I needed to. Rosey Rittenhouse and his wife were charming and Rosey said wonderful things about Pop. I had some ammunition in reserve, if any high hating started I was going to come through with the fact that Pop's father was wounded at Gettysburg. When he did his shooting he did it at people who shot right back. But I didn't need to say it, and old Mr. Kennett being a Quaker maybe it was just as well.

They have a wonderful big drawing-room with a green-house opening off it, full of flowers. Several people, who probably didn't need the meal, came in after dinner for coffee and music. One of them was Stacey-lea Bala; I wondered was that to tip me off that she was still runner-up. If so she was a little late, Wyn had me on a sofa together with Rosey Rittenhouse who didn't mind or notice if we held a few hands. You've got to do something with your hands when they play that Russian music. Even Stacey was on her good behaviour and actually made out to recognise me—"Why, yes, from the office. How delightful!"

By the time it was right to go I was beginning to enjoy myself, there was something unreal about that big warm room smelling of flowers while I could hear tyre-chains in the snow outside. That was sort of appropriate while the Russian music was playing inside, like prisoners clanking on the way to Siberia. I could see there were a certain number of things that had to be said, after that they felt free to go ahead and talk.

Something had to be said about the Community Chest drive for charity, and about the Orchestra, Stokowsky had so much magnetism, and about the depression, has Mr. Hoover got it under control? You can't help being impressed by those sort of things, they say them so comfortably as though they know they've got a warm bed waiting upstairs and a bank account to go to in the morning.

Once, in the pause after a piece of music before anyone thought of just the right comment, I could hear that good old Philadelphia sound, very faint like church bells, the butler somewhere down in the cellar shovelling coal. It sounded so homely, it surprised me.

I guess I don't get far enough away from myself and when they talked about unemployment I almost wanted to cry out "What about K."

Foyle? Suppose your old man might die any minute and his pension stops and you're thrown out." Rosey would have understood, there's something human about that bird, in between chuckers he must have heard about what goes on, maybe he talks over long distance.

I said to him, and I meant it, "I think they're wonderfully kind." He said "Kitty, we're the kindest people in the world, and don't we know it."

I was worried about Wyn, he was pretty quiet, I could see that his family had him swamped and I guess he felt himself sinking back into the banking business. Even old Mr. Kennett, who turned out to be Wyn's godfather, seemed to have something to do with banking. Everybody called him thee, but I doubt if it would make him any easier if you wanted a loan without security.

Mrs. Strafford explained that she and her husband were leaving for South Carolina so she was afraid they wouldn't see much of me for a while, but I hadn't really been counting on it. They had a big limousine waiting to take me home. Wyn went along, but I didn't feel like talking much with a chauffeur right in front of us. "You made a great hit with old Godfather Kennett," Wyn said.

"He almost had me calling him thee. But I think I'd have to love someone very much before I could do it. I'm like the French that way."

"Kitty, does she love me? I told them I considered myself practically engaged to thee."

"I thought they all acted scared about something. I figured it was only the stock market."

"Oh, Kitty, we can't seem to talk in Philly. Could we go somewhere else some day and get confidential?" "I'll let thee know," I said.

Rosey Rittenhouse was really super. He had just Wyn and me out to his lovely farm for dinner one time, and he said something while Wyn was out of the room: "Kitty, don't forget maybe Wyn has his own hell to go through too."

I think of Rosey's voice sometimes, that easy well-bred Philadelphia accent that seems to fit them like a suit of good tweeds. The kind of voice people only get when they've had good meals and good sleep for several generations and horses in the stable.

While Wyn was getting his car to drive us back to town Rosey said: "Kitty, I'm on your side. But that means I know there's another side too."

What's the Answer?

Test your knowledge on these questions:

- 1—Winter is rushing towards us—so, of course, the feminine fancy lightly turns to thoughts of furs. And talking of these, did you know that musquash is the fur of the Musk-rat—badger—otter—stoat—beaver.
- 2—Saturday this week, May 17, marks the anniversary of the birth of Edward Jenner. He's the man who discovered Chloroform—the circulation of the blood—the existence of microbes—vaccination for the prevention of smallpox.
- 3—Take our ordinary threepence. Whip the tape measure delicately round it, and you'll find that its circumference is just on 1½ inches—2—2½—3.
- 4—Iraq is only its recent name. It used to be called Mesopotamia, which means "the land between two rivers," indicating the rivers Tigris and Euphrates—Euphrates and Jordan—Tigris and Indus—Indus and Jordan.
- 5—Go and stand in the corner if you don't remember that that touching little poem of your early schooldays, "We Are Seven," was written by Lewis Carroll—Longfellow—Keats—Kingsley—Wordsworth.
- 6—Lord Gort, who commanded the B.E.F. in France, was last month appointed Commander of the Empire forces in East Africa—Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in England—Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Gibraltar—Commander-in-Chief of the Empire forces in the Far East.
- 7—Anyway you have an atlas! No, not the geographical sort, but the sort that's one of the bones—in your Spine—hand—shoulder—ankle—finger.
- 8—It was Sir Edward Elgar who composed "See the Conquering Hero Comes"—"The Lost Chord"—"Land of Hope and Glory"—"The Funeral March of a Marionette."
- 9—South African troops were prominent in the recent capture of the Italian stronghold, Dessie. South Africa sent to the last war approximately 187,000 troops—219,000—229,000—310,000.
- 10—A gift for the lucky last. When you think of Australia's Lightning Ridge, you think of Gold mining—bushrangers—Adam Lindsay Gordon—black opals—Governor Darling.

Answers on page 44

I'm thinking now of the first time Wyn ever took me to New York.

We came in on the train at dusk, rumbled through the long tunnel, walked up some stairs, but still underground because I could hear subways overhead. Then there was quite a hike down another tunnel; I remember how far ahead of us the redcap got and he was still going on. That was my first view of New York, that long passage, a sort of gloomy yellow color. "What do you think of our skyline?" Wyn said. Still we had to go up in an elevator before we got into the hotel.

It was specially sweet because Wyn had thought everything out beforehand. The room was high up, about thirty stories, and I got my first view out over the city. He put his arms round me as I stood there at the window and I said, "Wyn, let me take it in. Let me memorise this so I never, never forget it."

Just the same it doesn't always work to try to tell yourself what you're going to memorise. I always remember the craziest things. It's not altogether my fault, because every time Wyn and I went anywhere together, things happened that seemed completely invented for us. They were just plain goofy. After we'd changed for dinner Wyn thought we might go somewhere and have a drink. He'd been given the address of Giono's, Snorty West Forty, so we hopped a cab. We didn't take a table, just had highballs at the bar as Wyn wanted to go somewhere more swell for dinner.

Giono's was just a run-of-the-mine wopsey and I dare say the kitchen wasn't any too clean; first thing we saw was a roach running along the top of the bar. Wyn put the little whisky glass upside down over it and called Giono's attention. "That ought to rate us a free drink," Wyn suggested. Giono wasn't upset.

I wonder if there would ever be any way to check up silly little memories with Wyn. Maybe if I was in gaol or dying, he'd be allowed to come and talk to me. Even if I couldn't touch him it would be something to see if he remembers the same things.

I guess that was the night I got the crying spell because Wyn was so dear, he was always different as soon as he got away from Philadelphia, and it came through to me that we never would be able to be really us except outside Philly.

At home we were too tied up with all sorts of inhibitions and influences. I loved him so I couldn't really kid myself about that. And I'm not going to kid myself, even now, thinking about it, by pretending that it was just Wyn who was chasing me.

I didn't know it then, but it was

just as much me chasing him; why even when I'd stall him off it was done so as to make him want me all the more. How hard it is for people to be square with each other. I wanted him, I wanted him more than anything in the world, I wanted him enough to slip away from home even when Pop was so sick. When we were alone together it seemed like the answer to everything, and I know he wanted me too. He needed me and I gave him happiness. It's good to know you gave someone happiness.

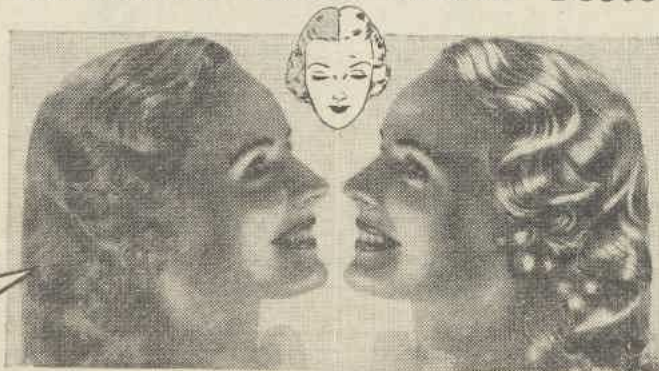
Wyn had to go down town next morning, on errands for his bank. I sneaked out on a little idea of my own. I'd never forgotten Delphine, so I looked up her address in the phone book and went around there just to see where it was.

Please turn to page 43

GLORIFYING RESULTS of New Shampoo Proved by Scientific HALF-HEAD Tests

Clearly Proved these 4 Amazing Advantages:

1. Reveals up to 33% more lustre.
2. Leaves hair silkier, smoother.
3. Makes 'perming' faster, safer.
4. Safeguards hair's elasticity.



TESTS SHOW THRILLING DIFFERENCE: LEFT—illustrates soap-washed side, Hair dulled by "alkali-alk." RIGHT—illustrates Colinated side, Hair shining, silky-bright.

No other shampoo tested beautified hair so thrillingly—yet left it so easy to handle. Proved safe for hair and scalp.

THRILL to see your hair glorified by this revolutionary new-type shampoo—for its amazing results have been proved by the most daring tests ever made on a shampoo!

Unique "half-head tests"—one side washed with Colinated foam Shampoo, the other with a fine soap or powder shampoo—gave these amazing results: 1. The Colinated side was far more lustrous and shining. 2. Felt smoother, silkier. 3. Took better permanent waves faster. 4. More spring—returned to more natural curl.

Not a soap, not an oil... but made by the exclusive patented "Colinating"

process—changes instantly into a magic-cleansing bubble-foam that washes away dirt, grease and loose dandruff more completely than anything you've ever known. No lemon or vinegar rinses needed, for there is no "soap-scum" or oily residue to remove.

Test Colinated foam and thrill to your hair's new loveliness. (Economic, too, costs less than 4d. a shampoo)... Ask your chemist, store or hairdresser to-day for a bottle of Colinated foam Shampoo.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd.



Half the hair washed with Colinated—other half with fine soap or powder shampoo. "Perms" Take Faster In every case, Colinated foam-washed hair requires less steaming time under machine to take lovely wave.



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Baby cuts teeth easily when habits are kept regular and the bloodstream fed by using Steedman's Powders. For over 100 years mothers have relied upon them—the safe expedient up to 14 years.

"Hints to Mothers" Booklet posted free on request.

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A LEVER PRODUCT

I DIDN'T want Wyn to know about it, but in the back of my mind, the part that keeps cool, I knew the old man wasn't going to last much longer and I'd be hunting a job. It would be better for me and better for Wyn if I was away from Philly. I didn't go in, I thought it would be better to write Deiphine and prepare her mind, but I fixed the geography of it in my head, and it was right across the street from Glono's.

When I met Wyn at the Ritz for lunch I could see how much more like a gentleman he looked than most of them. The men I'd been seeing on the pavements probably never saw a fox except round somebody's neck on instalment.

It was cold early spring, the air very clear. The whole blue sky's just a big eye-cup, I told Wyn. I guess it's love gives you that clean and washed and rested feeling.

We practised seeing things that no one would notice unless they knew the signs. I wanted a ride in the subway so we went all the way up to Columbia University, which Wyn hadn't seen.

We took turns trying who could get what we called Flashes. Mine was in the subway. There was an elderly man sitting across the car, you could see he was all buried in his own thoughts and he looked as though he might have had a hard time. That was when lots of them were jumping out of windows. All of a sudden, sort of written under the lines on his face I could see a look of the small boy he had been once, before anything battered him. I got a thrill out of that. I still watch for it sometimes, that kid expression that peeps out of a man's face.

Wyn was amused by a leaflet we found in a taxicab. It said: "Re-assurance to Lady Patrons. The Driver of this Cab is a Married Man."

"That's pretty naive," said Wyn. I didn't think it was naive at all. It was a kind of flattery. "Don't you know, my sweet, every woman loves to think she's travelling in terrible dangers?"

We went back to the hotel about dusk, and dusk comes early that time of year.

There were a lot of church bells in the air round that hotel then; I don't know how, because we could never find any churches in that neighborhood. Just as well, too, because I was nuts enough to have gone in one with Wyn and got married if he'd caught me unawares.

I don't know why I said to myself life was ugly those years. Well, it was in lots of ways, but I'm telling myself no one ever had more beauty to be grateful for. The right time to be living in is the time you live, and I haven't any hanker-

ing for what they call Mauve Decades or any other decades. Suppose we'd been living in the 'eighties and Wyn and me bathing in different ponds.

It's going to be uglier too unless people show more sense than they seem to have, but I'm here to say that I've had joy and given it and I was in there fighting.

Wyn said, why didn't we think to have our Assembly clothes sent on from Chicago, he could have wired Molly to forward them.

I said, let's not worry about clothes for a little while. Besides, you needn't think I'd wear that dress again until I'd had a chance to steam out the wrinkles.

I suppose Wyn has to do a good deal of dancing in his Main Line routine, even the Quakers shamble a leg nowadays, but he'll never find anyone who knew every slide he was going to make, and what made him think of it. Mark loves dancing, too, but it isn't the same. I try to keep my mind off dancing. Some art museum somewhere I saw something called the Dance of Death. I see it in the papers every day. The whole world dancing with Death, and Death knows beforehand.

Maybe women take life too seriously. Maybe it's not as important as all that, just to stay alive.

Oh, Wyn, it was good. Would there be any way to tell other people to believe in the goodness of it? No matter how it hurts. When we got away from Philly we felt the same thing at the same time. There's something about New York makes you do that. Philly doesn't want to feel things until they've had a careful O.K. from yesterday. Some-

times I think if Wyn had to live in New York he could have been a clever man. It certainly stepped up his ideas.

Think, if he'd gone to Columbia, how he'd have had to study to keep up with their economic wisecracks. It wouldn't have been good for him. I'd hate to see that Little Boy look of his hardened over with ambition.

I WAS proud of Pop, the way he died. He just passed out asleep. The last few weeks he was gentle and easy in his mind. Like Pattysheila, Auntie told me the old mutt had got too tired even to bark at the hand-organ man. That's funny too, a few days before there was a hand-organ on Grisco Street.

They always came around about the same time as back beer. Pop says, "Ask him to play 'The Low Backed Car'." That's the same for Irish as "Swing Low Sweet Chariot" for colored people.

It was good to see that dear old face of his, so rested. In spite of beard and sickness there was still some open-air color on him, and it was good cricket weather, the first smell of cut grass, weather he'd like to be out in in his old green-stained flannels with a red ball. Even Ed turned up, poor Ed I think that was when he was peddling hardware on commission. I know he made us laugh telling how he was demonstrating an aluminium skillet and when he lifted it up to show the customers how rugged it was the bottom fell out.

Kitty Foyle

Continued from page 42

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Radio reporters' wide range of activities

Designed to give Australian young people an understanding of the day's news, Radio Newspaper presented by 2GB has celebrated its fifth birthday.

Proof of the interest of youth in the events of to-day is shown by the development of the Radio Reporters' Movement, which is associated with the Radio Newspaper now conducted by John Dease every Monday to Friday at 6 p.m.

The founder, Charles Cousins, is on active service abroad.



JOHN DEASE

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TO-DAY, the Radio Reporters are a growing family in Sydney and throughout New South Wales.

They have shown their interest in no uncertain manner in current affairs by their splendid "Children of Britain Fund," to which they and their friends, over the past few months, have contributed £1332.

Another activity is their social club. The primary object of this club was to enable members of the Radio Reporter Family to become known to one another.

Then weekly lectures and discussions were arranged, covering such subjects as history, economics, art, musical appreciation, literature and languages.

Give lectures

LEADING teachers and lecturers gave their services, and in addition boys and girls with an expert knowledge of any subject gave lectures to the other members.

Thus, at the present moment, one of the girl members, who is an art student, is conducting a class on practical art work, while another member, a Boy Scout, is training a class in first aid and emergency work.

At first a club-room was rented, but with the typical generosity of youth the members decided to give this up so that the funds could be used to buy materials for a doll's house, which is being made on a co-operative basis by the Radio Reporters' star architects, builders, decorators, inventors and artists.

It is planned to exhibit this at the next annual Hobbies Exhibition to be held by the Radio Reporters. It will be used to raise money in aid of the "Children of Britain Fund," and later it will be presented to an Australian children's home or hospital.

Still another activity of these versatile young people is the weekly book review, which is presented

ED was always our hard luck baby. He talked rough, but I can see now it was likely to hide his inside feelings.

I think myself Pop would have liked to go out through Friends' Meeting, but Denny said we better stick to the old batting crease, and I will say the Presbyterians gave him the three steps of decency in a big way. All the cricket clubs sent flowers and the paper that never forgets had a little piece on the Great Days of Philadelphia Cricket, and how Pop bowled that Indian Prince Ranji for a duck.

Wyn and Rosy Rittenhouse came to the service, and the Orangeman's Lodge turned up in their sashes and tall coats.

Aunt Hattie stayed a while to help me close things up. She was more hindrance than help because of course she ganged up with the Upsal crowd from Germantown and they all wanted to plan my future for me. Either I ought to go and live with uncle and auntie in Manitou or I ought to take a room at the Y.W. or I could be nursemaid for some of the Upsal cousins who were all much younger than me.

Auntie got Mac so sore, always wondering how come Pop lived so much longer than mother, poor Mac would scarcely come over to the house. And every time I talked to Wyn over the phone, which was often because he had plans for my future, too, auntie would have the jitters.

I knew perfectly well what I wanted, and had it all fixed up in a couple of letters while auntie was trying to make up her mind what ought to be done with the old mahogany dresser.

Please turn to page 44

I used to suffer silently from PILES



At times I thought I could bear it no longer—I don't know how I managed to get through the days...

Then a friend who had also been a sufferer, said: "Try Rexona Ointment—it helped me. Take a mild laxative at the same time." His advice proved right. Rexona smoothed the itching and inflammation.

AND NOW I can sit at perfect ease for the first time in years. Believe me I'm grateful to Rexona.

The six proved healing medicaments in Rexona act like a soothing balm. Except for rare cases which require surgical treatment, this simple treatment will give you glorious relief from piles.



O.S.28

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ROBINSON'S Patent BARLEY

JOINT PAINS



Mrs. E. F. writes: "I suffered 5 years from painful joints, backache and rheumatism, due to my kidneys being out of order. I felt very run-down and depressed. My work and the children were too much for me. I thought I would try De Witt's Pills. I was amazed after taking them at the wonderful change in my health. I can do a day's work without fatigue, and backaches and aching joints are things of the past."

Even my children were too much for me, until I tried De Witt's Pills

Joint pains and backache warn you that your kidneys are out of order. They are sluggish—not filtering the poisons and impurities out of the system. If you don't restore the kidneys to health you may soon find yourself with painful, crippling rheumatic swellings in the joints and muscles.

To get those kidneys working normally again take De Witt's Pills. They cleanse away accumulated poisons—and they actually tone up and strengthen the kidneys. You get visible proof of the direct action of De Witt's Pills within 24 hours after the first dose. With kidneys restored to healthy activity your pain will be a thing of the past.

DeWitt's KIDNEY AND BLADDER PILLS

Approval No. 173.

Made especially to end the pain of Backache, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Joint Pains, Urinary Disorders and all forms of Kidney Trouble. Obtainable everywhere. Prices (including Sales Tax), 1/10, 3/12, and 6/-

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE



Best by Test for the Chest

LET HEARNE'S deal with these "imps" of mischief and misery. HEARNE'S is a definitely aggressive scientific formula proved during 60 years, that goes right to the affected membrane and exercises a strong local curative and strengthening influence.

For Coughs, Chest Colds, Croup, Raw Throat, Sore Chests, etc., take HEARNE'S Bronchitis Cure.

2/6 and 4/6 everywhere

W. A. HEARNE & CO. LTD., DEELONG

AUNTIE never could forget that mother was her baby sister, and I guess she felt this gave her sort of squatter's rights on me. It was difficult because I love her very much except when anything's got to be decided. I promised Myrtle the old brass bed and mattress from Pop's room, for some reason of her own Myrtle thought they would bring her luck. Auntie seemed to think this was a kind of sacrilege.

"What does she think we ought to do," Mac said. "Put 'em in a museum?" Then auntie would blurt, "My baby sister's bed," and Mac whispered a short word which would have given her hysterics if she heard it. Mac was very proud of a rubber doormat he and Martha had in Toga, made out of strips of old automobile tyres. He said auntie should come over and wipe her feet, maybe she'd rub a little speed off it. "Tell her to step on the exhilarator and get out of here."

It was a pity to be squabbling right after Pop's death, but the old man would have understood it and loved to get his word in edgewise. His words had plenty of edge.

"How come Miz Taswell get herself so muddled?" Myrtle asked. "Muddled's catchin', she got me all wrenched out o' shape. Ef she come in here wid any mo' o' dat baby sisterin' I'm like to work loose. Lissen, honey, baby-sisterin' all bleed out in one generation."

I guess it was partly the strain of what I'd been going through. I got the house sublet, and all the stuff stored or disposed of, and auntie off on the train, and Myrtle and I had a howl and a hug.

I knew I hadn't played fair with Wyn. I hadn't told him anything and hadn't given him any chance to help me though heaven knows he tried hard. I couldn't. I was wound

up tight and I just had to keep on going or I'd crack.

He's almost psychic in his own dumb way and that warm morning he turned up in the car when I was packing my things. I was feeling pretty sorry for myself and went out in the yard. The front door was open, Wyn walked right through and found me there. Oh, it was good to see him, like finding one more cigarette in the middle of the night when you think you're all out of them.

"It's a good thing you came," I said. "I've got something for you." It was Pop's old cricket bag, all scuffed and worn and the labels of Canadian hotels still on it from that time he went on tour with the Gentlemen of Philly. I hadn't opened it up, we looked in it, his two favorite bats and the pads with grass-stains on them and those funny rubber-backed batting gloves. And a red ball and about half a pint of Scotch that I bet he'd forgotten was there.

I'd only cry when I'd try to say something, so I just pushed the bag at Wyn and looked hard at the corner of the room where the glass toy used to stand, the little girl in a blizzard. I'd packed her in my trunk, but I could see her clear enough with her red scarf flying and she's laughing as she goes down the hill. There was something about that old leather bag made me think of Pop out on the field the way I sometimes saw him, or how he'd watch them playing and chew on his pipe and say, "Well played, sir. Well hit indeed." He always talked kind of English when he was watching cricket.

That bag was part of the dear-ness of Philly, grand homy old

Kitty Foyle

Continued from page 43

town and I was walking out on it. Wyn didn't say much, just patted my shoulder, but I knew he'd treasure the bag. He took a look at the dusty house and the old bamboo table pushed in a corner and the grass not cut in the yard and said, "Let's get out of this."

I knew he was right. Oh, how I knew he was right, but I needed to contradict somebody.

"I can't," I said, "everything's in a mess, I'm just trying to get straightened out. I'm going away." "Now wait a minute. Let me show you." He took me out to the car and there he had a little overnight bag with my initials, and he'd thought I'd need.

"It's funny to have all this fog in May," I said. "Lend me a handkerchief." There's nothing like a man's big handkerchief when you're on the way down. I still have an old one of his in my bureau drawer. Men are so sentimental they're pretty near taught women to be sentimental, too.

We drove down to the shore. Maybe it's healthy to be cruel to yourself thinking back. I guess we thought then how bright and original we were, acting on our own. It looks to me now like the whole thing was doped for us like a story plot. Or like that dream, marching in someone else's parade trying to get to where we wanted to be.

Partly the weather, one of those first hot days of spring, so lovely you would figure everything must really be all right. Remember, Wyn, over Hasdonfield way you said the trees looked surprised, they got caught by summer before the leaves were ready.

WYN knows the roads through the Jersey Pines and along the Mullica River, we went through places he liked because they had funny names. I remember Bat's Toe and Stop the Jade Run. He had some joke about that, I forget. I think it was Ship's Bottom Beach he went swimming; I sat and watched. That clean way he had of going through a big green wave just before it would curl over on him. Then it would all lift and spread behind him like a full skirt in a wind and flash white along the sand like peticot ruffle.

Where did all this hokey get started about women being beautiful; they ought to see Wyn play tag with surf. He'd run up the sand with wet sparkle all over him and bring me a shell or something.

One time out on the Dunes near Chicago, Molly wondered why I got so homesick, I nearly howled. I had to tell her it reminded me of the Shore in Jersey, but without that smell of salt. It's a beautiful world if your nerves aren't too close to the surface.

After smell of salt you get smell of pines. I was mostly asleep because I had to shut my eyes to keep sunset out of them. If you can't sleep in Jersey I don't know where you would. Wyn must have been looking at the map because he reminded me of the shapes we noticed at Pocono. That's the last I heard until I woke up and found Wyn looking at a little hotel that was asleep, too, buried away in the pines. He took a road he didn't know to get the sun out of his eyes, and that's how it happened. "How did we find this?" I asked. "What do you mean we," he said.

I scarcely know now if there really was such a place. It wasn't officially open yet, but the proprietor and his wife were getting things cleaned up for the season, and of course Wyn persuaded them to take us in. He could persuade anybody anything because you couldn't bear to see him look disappointed.

EVERYTHING was so perfect you couldn't believe it. The sunset was sliced up by the pine trees, and there was a dog like Patsy's who lay in the sand and made a fan pattern on it wagging his tail. We were all alone and when it turned cool they made a fire for us.

I had the queerest feeling, as we drove back to town, that Wyn was sort of talking from dictation. He said he realized now he needed to get educated and he was going to do some serious reading. He said he thought people were more upset about the present economic and moral breakdown than they needed to be because they didn't know enough history. They didn't know that almost every period of history had been on the edge of a breakdown.

He said old Mr. Kennett had been riding him about being ignorant. "By the way," he said—and just the way that "by the way" sounded tipped me off he was working up to something. "By the way, he wants you and me to have lunch with him."

"But Wyn, I'm going to New York. I've got a job all set with Delphine. I'm all packed and ready."

The answer is—

- 1—Musk-rat.
- 2—Vaccination for the prevention of smallpox.
- 3—Two inches.
- 4—Tigris and Euphrates.
- 5—Wordsworth.
- 6—Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Gibraltar.
- 7—Spine.
- 8—"Land of Hope and Glory."
- 9—229,000. (Exact number, 228,907).
- 10—Black opals.

Questions on page 45

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION from 2GB



Every day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, May 14—Mr. Edwards and Goodie Reeve—Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, May 15—Tales from the Talkies.

FRIDAY, May 16—"Musical Alphabet."

SATURDAY, May 17—Goodie Reeve presents "Musical Mysteries."

SUNDAY, May 18—June Marsden — Astrology for the Business Folk — Gardening by the Stars. Special: Remarkable Prophecies: "The Writing on the Wall."

MONDAY, May 19—With the A.I.F. Overseas.

TUESDAY, May 20—June Marsden — Astrology for Women.

Poor Wyn. I suppose he was jumpy like I was. He seemed to think the Delphine idea was just silly, that I could dismiss it offhand. He said I could come and stay with his family for a while and think it over.

And after all I'd struggled, dear old Pop dead, and the home broken up, and me ready to go out and fight for my life. Of course, I got angry. "Well then I've got to tell you," Wyn said. "Uncle Kennett has a big idea, he wanted to explain it to you himself. He says you're just exactly the girl for me, Kitty, and the girl the family needs, and he wants to send you back to college for a year and then maybe go abroad a year and meanwhile I'll try to get some education myself and be ready for you."

I don't know exactly how you said it, Wyn. It was something like that. My poor baby, how could you know what that would do to me the way I was just then. Maybe that nice old man with his three talk could have sold it to me. I don't know. I had a kind of picture of some family conference and the Straffords and their advisers trying to figure out how the curse was going to be taken off Kitty Foyle.

So that was it, they were going to buy the girl with an education, and polish off her rough Frankford edges, were they, and make her good enough to live with stuffed animals' heads and get advertised in the "Ledger." I can still see your face, my poor baby, when I turned on you. I felt hot inside my throat, and on the rims of my ears.

"Listen, Wyn Strafford, I'll be your girl whenever I feel like it because I love you. But I wouldn't join the little tin family if every old Quaker with an adding machine begged me to. No, not if they all went back to college and got themselves an education. So they tried to sell you the idea they'd trim up Kitty so she could go to the Assembly and make Old Philadelphia Family out of her, hey? They can't do that to Kitty Foyle. That's what they are themselves, a bunch of paper dolls."

Remember, you stopped the car just before we cut down a tree with it. Better maybe if we had. You just looked at me, and tried to light a cigarette and your hand shook pushing in the dashboard lighter. You were so rattled you threw the lighter away, you thought it was a match. I loved you specially because you hadn't shaved. I thought how the old man would rise green from his grave if he heard a proposition like that. I felt tears coming like those waves you swam through and I had to hurry to say it:

"By Christopher Columbus, I'll improve you all I want, but you can't improve me."

To be continued



PETER'S COLD WAS GONE ON THURSDAY

...So I Went to the Luncheon After All!



TUESDAY, I phoned Elsie. "Peter's home from school with a cold. You know how his colds hang on. I'll miss the club lunch on Thursday".



"LISTEN," said Elsie, who is a nurse. "You need to fight a cold in three places at once—in the nose, throat, and chest. Then it goes fast. How do you do it? Why, just get a jar of Vicks VapoRub. Rub it on his throat, chest, and back. Now, do try it!"



SO, AT BEDTIME, I gave Peter a rub with VapoRub. His breathing grew easier as he inhaled the vapours. His cough was relieved. And he said his chest felt warm and comfy.



HE SLEPT like a log, undisturbed all night. And VapoRub's vapour and poultice actions must have gone on working, for he woke next morning feeling wonderfully better!



ON THURSDAY, off he went to school! I was certainly thankful for VapoRub. It saved him days of misery, and days of school absence. And I got to that luncheon after all!

Colds Go Faster When You Fight Them in Nose, Throat, and Chest ALL at Once

Every cold puts nose, throat, and chest in danger—often all three are in trouble. So take no chances! Without any fussing, without any risk of stomach upset, you can bring help to nose, throat, and chest all at the same time—by simply rubbing on VapoRub.

1. MEDICATED VAPOURS, released by the body warmth, are breathed in straight

to the irritated membranes—which only vapours can reach direct. They soothe irritation, loosen phlegm, relieve coughing, ease breathing.

2. LIKE A POULTICE, VapoRub works on the skin, "drawing out" tightness and pain. It is this double action that so quickly brings comfort and, working for hours, breaks up most colds overnight.



OVER 26 MILLION JARS USED YEARLY IN 71 COUNTRIES

SEWING MACHINES
Need the Genuine 3-IN-ONE OIL
Now only 1'!
Cleans... lubricates... prevents rust...

The Homemaker

May 17, 1941

The Australian Women's Weekly

45

PLANT CLIMBERS Now . . .



WHITE WISTARIA. This climber, which came to us from China centuries ago, has an amazing capacity for giving beauty to ugly places.

THE lovely climber, wistaria, is an old-time favorite whose fragrance and beauty never pall, and like good wine improves year by year if kept under ideal conditions.

Its long racemes or trusses of lavender, pink, pale blue and white flowers appear before the foliage, which is equally as beautiful in its early stages as its fragrant blossom.

Layered pieces of wistaria flower much sooner than mere cuttings or seedlings, which often stand still for years.

Wistarias are not exactly fussy as to soil, and in our climate do well almost anywhere in the Commonwealth except the extreme northern tropical areas. For the cool districts and high altitudes they are ideal and become rapidly established.

They are attacked by few pests or diseases, and if given deep soil that is fertile, and ample moisture, will live for eighty or more years.

Six varieties are obtainable, wistaria sinensis (lavender), which is the best of all, and then multijuga (purplish blue), multijuga alba (white), multijuga rosea (pink), sinensis alba (white), and sinensis flore pleno (double blue).

In recent years gardeners have largely planted bauhينيا scandens in the warmer parts of Australia. This bears very pale pink flowers faintly striped with red, with showy red stamens. The foliage when young is a bronzy red. The plants, which are difficult to establish except during warm weather, are very tender, and will not withstand extremely cold weather or heavy frost.

The old-fashioned Dutchman's

AUTUMN is the most suitable time of the year to plant climbers, for they dislike cold conditions soon after or at time of being set out, and stand dormant during winter. Set climbers into their permanent homes while the sun still has some warmth in it and the soil is moist and congenial, and they become quickly established before Jack Frost sends their sap running rapidly back to the roots. In warmer parts of Australia May is a good month for planting.

—Says
OUR HOME GARDENER



DUTCHMAN'S PIPE, an ornamental climber that can be recommended for hiding unsightly buildings or fences and verandahs.

pipe, aristolochia elegans, is a most ornamental climber and one that can be recommended for hiding up an unsightly building or fence. Like bauhينيا, it dislikes very cold weather but will bloom profusely in a few years if afforded a sheltered, warm spot and ample moisture.

Honeysuckle seems to have fallen into disrepute in recent years, probably because of its rampant growth in our climate, but if the gardener will obtain plants of the variety known as periclymenum belgica, or Dutch honeysuckle, or heckrottii, which has carmine-red flowers with yellow and buff markings, greater satisfaction will follow.

Variety of honeysuckle

MULTIFLORA is another variety of honeysuckle which is covered with blooms for many months of the year.

The showy antigonon leptopus or coral creeper is a colorful plant that rarely gets out of hand, although it becomes very straggly unless regularly pruned back each year.

This lovely climber produces huge trusses of deep coral-pink bloom for several months of the year. It dies right back to the ground the first two years, but comes up again and with interest after that.

It produces a hard woody stem during the third year and makes strong growth, but is a plant that in frost-free districts will paint any ugly fence, old building or tree-stump with glorious color.

Bougainvilleas are too well known for description, but the new varieties—Rosea (strawberry-pink), Turley's Special (cherry-red), Louis Wathen (tango), and Traill's Improved (intense purple)—are the best for warm districts.

A.—Satin front and back, elastic two-way stretch at sides. 29-36, 29/11.

B.—Satin front, elastic back, "jennymash" elastic side panels. 29-36, 25/11. (Satin Bra-siere, 3/11.)

C.—Figured satin front, up- and down-stretch at back, elastic at sides. 29-36, 27/6. (Hollywood-Muscle Bra-siere, 11/6.)

D.—Smooth-fitting Pantie Step-in. 29/11. (Hollywood-Muscle Bra-siere, 8/11.)

Leading stores are showing Berlei "Youthlyne" Controllettes, Step-ins and Pantie Step-in now. You'll be thrilled to see them!

A STAR IS BORN!

"Youthlyne"

Berlei's gay new foundations for the young in heart . . . and figure



You may be under 20 or over 40—but if your figure is young Youthlyne are "especially for you"! They're marvellous new Berlei—light, sleek, glamorous—in satin stretch-cloths and elastic nets.

The control is in the shape and clever use of the right material in the right places. No weight, no bulk, no bother—just magic wisps of figure flattery.

"YOUTHLYNE" by

Berlei

Take years off your figure with a Berlei—The Foundation of Beauty

19-27-42



If you have any difficulty in obtaining supplies, write R. G. Turney & Son, 200 Flinders Street, Melbourne.



Make coffee in an instant!

You can with **TILLOCK'S COFFEE** and **CHICORY POWDER**! Simply put half to one teaspoonful of powder in the cup, add boiling milk or water, and "coffee is ready!"

No need to leave your guests waiting—just make your coffee, fresh the **INSTANT** you want it! No percolator or strainer to worry about; no dregs or sediment in the cup.



Make delicious coffee the new, quick, easy way—at less cost! Ask your grocer for

TILLOCK'S
SOLUBLE
COFFEE & CHICORY POWDER

"Leaves no grounds for complaint"

NEW SWEET DISH wins our first prize!

● The week's best entry in our exciting recipe competition—a contest open to all our readers. You, too, can enter simply by writing out your favorite recipe and sending it to us.

EVERY week first prize of £1 is awarded for the best recipe received, and 2/6 consolation prize is awarded for every other recipe published.

If you have a pet recipe write it out, attach name and address, and send it to us. You may win a cash prize for it.

FRANGIPANI TART

Cake Pastry: 3oz. sugar, 1 egg, 3oz. butter, 3oz. plain flour, 3oz. self-raising flour, flavoring to taste.

Frangipani Cream: 1lb. castor sugar, 1oz. flour, pinch salt, 1 egg-white, 1oz. crushed macaroons, 2oz. butter, 3 egg-yolks, 1½ cups milk, 1 small tin crushed pineapple.

Make cake pastry by creaming butter and sugar. Add beaten egg, flavoring, and sifted flour. Mix, roll

out, and line tart plate. Bake in moderate oven until cooked. Make cream by placing flour, sugar, and pinch of salt in a saucepan. Stir in beaten eggs, then milk, and cook slowly for 5 minutes. Remove and add butter and crushed macaroons. Cover pastry when cooked with a layer of the cream, then crushed pineapple. Repeat till case is full. Make meringue with white of egg and sugar, and pile roughly on top. Return to oven till lightly browned.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. P. Taylor, Glenrose, Yarram, Vic.

JENNIFER'S OAT BISCUITS

Two level cups rolled oats, 1 cup brown sugar, good ½ cup melted butter, small ½ cup desiccated coconut, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 egg.

Mix dry ingredients, add beaten egg, lastly melted butter. Put 1 teaspoon of mixture on cold slide,



MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES SAYS: If you have an evening gown of taffeta, like the one shown above, never use a very hot iron to press it. Strong heat is ruinous to taffeta. Use a moderate iron only and a well-padded board.

"Do you think I'm an Ostrich?"

YOU KNOW I CAN'T DIGEST
STEAMED PUDDING"



NEXT MORNING

WELL MYRA, I DON'T MIND TELLING YOU, I WAS PREPARED FOR A BAD NIGHT... BUT I NEVER SLEPT BETTER IN MY LIFE! HOW ABOUT A LITTLE TRIP TO TOWN TODAY?

AUNT EMILY BOUGHT IT FOR ME DICK! SHE'S SIMPLY THRILLED AT BEING ABLE TO EAT STEAMED PUDDING AGAIN. AND SHE'S TELLING HER COOK ABOUT COPHA.



Myra's recipe for CANARY PUDDING

- 3 ozs. Castor Sugar
- 2 ozs. COPHA
- 1 Egg
- 2 Tablespoons Milk
- Lemon Juice or Essence
- Pinch of Salt
- 4 ozs. Plain Flour
- 1 level teaspoon of Baking Powder

Cream the Copha and sugar. Beat in egg singly. Stir in milk and flavouring. Sift together flour, baking powder and salt, add to mixture and beat till smooth. Pour into greased basin, which should be only three-quarters full. Boil for one hour.

COPHA MAKES PUDDINGS
LIGHTER—EASY TO DIGEST



Cut out and paste in recipe book

Just why does COPHA make such digestible puddings?

Well, Copha is a pure, all-vegetable shortening. And that means puddings are entirely free from the greasy taste that causes a heavy feeling afterwards. Why, they just melt in your mouth! Try it yourself. It creams up quickly, mixes in easily. And there's nothing in Copha to hide the mingled goodness of all your other ingredients. Buy the economical 1 lb. packet—it will keep fresh till you need it.

The pure all-vegetable shortening for more digestible dishes.



C.14.17N

space well, and bake 10 to 15 minutes in fairly hot oven. Let cool on slide. (The mixture is very crumbly and should be pressed together with the fingers when putting on slide.)

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to L. Fitzpatrick, Gilderthorpe Ave., Randwick, N.S.W.

SINGAPORE CURRY

Melt 1 tablespoon butter in a saucepan and fry in it 2 tomatoes, 1 apple, and 1 onion (sliced) mixed with a teaspoon of good curry powder. Blend and stir in ½ pint of white stock, 1½ dessertspoons ground rice, 1 tablespoon coconut, 1 teaspoon good chutney. Stir whole till boiling, then simmer for 20 minutes.

Rub through a wire sieve and return to saucepan with a lump of sugar and pinch of salt. Cut 1lb. of cooked chicken into 1in. squares and add to sauce, then heat thoroughly. Just before serving add 1 teaspoon of lime or lemon juice. Serve hot with a border of boiled rice.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. H. Beak, Broadmeadows, Rockhampton, Qld.

SPICED ROAST LAMB

Four pounds lamb, 6 cloves, 12 allspice, 3 tablespoons sugar, 2/3rds cup vinegar, 2 sliced onions, 3 potatoes, 1 carrot, 1lb. peas, 1 cup dripping, 1 dessertspoon parsley, little salt, pepper, and flour.

Rub meat with salt, pepper, and flour, place lamb in dish with cloves, allspice, sugar, vinegar, and little water. Cook in hot oven 15 minutes. Cover dish, cook 1½ hours, adding water if necessary. Cook peeled and cubed vegetables until tender but not soft. Drain. Melt dripping, add vegetables, cook 10 minutes. Sprinkle with salt, pepper, and parsley. Serve vegetables with lamb and brown gravy.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. L. Jones, 29 Palmer St., Richmond, Vic.

APPLE NOUGAT

Three large cooking apples, few chopped and stoned dates, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, little lemon juice, good handful crushed cereal flakes, 1 tablespoon bran, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 cup brown sugar.

Peel, core, and cut up apples into a fireproof dish with dates. Pour over lemon juice and cinnamon mixed with ½ cup warm water. Mix

Miss Precious Minutes says

SHOULD you make the mistake of curdling a custard, dissolve in it a little gelatine mixed with a little cold water (two dessertspoons to a pint of custard). When cold, the custard will taste like Spanish cream.

WHEN ironing a dress with pleats, iron the lower part of the dress first, then crease the pleats evenly to a uniform width with the fingers. Hold the upper part of dress so pleats will be smooth, as when ironing seams, and iron till dry—from top to bottom, to prevent little folds forming at the top.

LIGHT soapsuds are good for cleaning painted and other washable surfaces. If doing a wall, begin at the top and do a small portion at a time, rinsing and drying as you go.

METHYLATED spirit can be used for cleaning all bronze objects.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. C. Lewis, Seaford, Wallaroo, S.A.

CURRIED HADDOCK TURNS

Half pound cooked flaked haddock, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 hard-boiled egg, ½ cup thick white sauce flavored with curry powder, salt, pepper, squeeze lemon juice, 1lb. flaky or puff pastry.

Roll pastry out thinly, cut into rounds about 4in. in diameter. Mix fish, parsley, chopped egg, sauce, pepper, salt, and lemon juice together. Place some of mixture on each round of pastry, moisten edges, fold over and press firmly together. Cook in a hot oven about 15 minutes. Serve hot with mashed potatoes and curry sauce. Garnish with parsley sprigs.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. D. Marcel, 29 Sir John Young Cres., Sydney.

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Variety in MEAT DISHES

To many of us meat is the most important food around which we build our meals. Unfortunately, however, many housewives are inclined to be very prosaic when preparing meat dishes. Don't be satisfied with rather stodgy grills or plain, uncompromising roasts every night in the week. Experiment with these delicious recipes, and you will find they will soon become firm favorites with the whole family.

By

MARY FORBES

Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.



AN appetising way to serve roast loin of lamb. Carrot balls, roast potatoes, and a garnishing of parsley make it even more tempting. See the recipe for Crown Roast on this page.

MEAT is the chief source of protein — the food constituent that builds and repairs tissue. When choosing meat do so carefully and look for the following points:

Beef: Flesh red, firm and well streaked with fat.

Veal: Young calves' flesh is a pale pink, finely grained and sparsely streaked with fat. Yearling veal is darker in color and has a clear white fat surrounding the larger cuts.

Lamb: The flesh is pink and finely grained and the fat clear, white and firm.

Mutton: A darker red color than lamb and hard white fat.

Pork: A greyish pink and lightly streaked with fat.

All meat should be firm to the touch.

Remove at once from paper after purchasing and store uncovered in the coldest part of the refrigerator or ice-chest.

Never wash meat, wipe with a damp cloth before cooking.

BEEF A LA MODE

Lard 4lb. piece of round or chuck roll with salt pork, using larding needle or inserting 1in. strips of salt pork into meat. Season with salt and pepper; dredge with flour and brown in 3 tablespoons chopped suet or beef dripping; half cover with boiling water and simmer, covered, about 4 hours, or until meat is tender; add ½ cup peas and ½ cup each diced carrots, celery, and onions, half hour before meat is done, adding water if necessary. Place meat on hot platter with vegetables arranged around and serve with brown gravy.

BREADED VEAL STEAKS

One and a half pounds veal steaks, 1 egg, fine breadcrumbs, 1 small minced onion, 2oz. ham, 2 tomatoes, 1 teaspoon mustard, pepper and salt.

Cut steaks into serving-size pieces. Brush with beaten egg and dip in crumbs, mixed onion, finely-chopped ham, mustard. Season lightly. Place on ovenproof dish. Top with sliced tomatoes and cover with greased paper. Cook in a moderate oven for 1 hour.

SPARERIBS WITH APPLE STUFFING

Two sections spareribs, apple stuffing, 1 teaspoon salt, 1th teaspoon pepper.

Spread inside of one section of spareribs with apple stuffing. Cover with the other section. Sew or skewer the two sections together. Sprinkle the outside with salt and pepper. Lay spareribs on a rack in an open roasting pan and roast in a moderate oven for 1½ hours, or until the meat is tender. Remove the strings or skewers before serving.

Apple Stuffing: Two slices salt pork, ½ cup chopped celery, ½ cup chopped onion, 3 tart apples, 1-3rd cup sugar, 1 cup breadcrumbs, ½ cup chopped parsley, ½ cup milk, salt and pepper.

Dice pork and fry until crisp. Remove cooked pieces. Cook celery and onion in pork fat three minutes. Core and slice apples. Add apples to celery mixture, sprinkle with sugar and cover. Cook slowly until tender. Add crumbs, diced pork, parsley, milk and seasonings. Mix well.

BRAISED TONGUE

One fresh tongue, 1/3rd cup carrot, 1/3rd cup celery, 1/3rd cup onion (diced), 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons flour, salt, pepper, Worcestershire sauce, sprig parsley.

Put tongue in warm water, cook slowly 2 hours. Lift tongue from water and remove skin and roots. Place in deep pan with vegetables. Brown butter, add flour. When well browned add 4 cups water in which tongue was cooked. Season with salt, pepper, and Worcestershire sauce and pour over tongue. 1½ cups stewed and strained tomatoes may be used in place of some of the water. Cover and bake 2 hours in slow oven, turning after first hour. Remove tongue and serve with sauce.

KIDNEY ROLLS

Half cup stale breadcrumbs, 1 small onion finely chopped, 1 tablespoon parsley finely chopped, salt, pepper, 1 egg slightly beaten, bacon, lamb or veal kidneys.

Mix crumbs, onion and parsley with enough egg to moisten. Season and spread on thin slices of bacon. Fasten with skewers around pieces of kidney (scalded, peeled, and soaked). Bake 30 minutes in a hot oven.

CROWN ROAST OF LAMB WITH MINT OR WATERCRESS STUFFING

Have two loins of lamb prepared in a crown shape in the shop. Season with pepper and salt and dust lightly with flour. Place in baking dish and fill the crown with a savory stuffing. Roast in a slow oven, allowing 40 minutes to each pound, or in a moderate oven, allowing 25 minutes to each pound. Garnish trimmed bone tops with outfit frills. Fill the centres with carrot balls and garnish with parsley.

Mint or Watercress Stuffing: Two cups fine breadcrumbs, ½ cup celery, 1 tablespoon beef or bacon dripping, 1 tablespoon minced onion, ½ cup chopped fresh mint or 1 cup chopped cress, salt and pepper.

Fry onion, add celery, and cook two minutes. Add other ingredients.

BEEF POT ROAST WITH HORSE RADISH

Select a three or four pound rump or chuck pot roast. Season with salt and pepper. Brown well on all sides, adding 2 tablespoons of lard to sautépan if necessary. When nicely browned spread over the meat the contents of a small bottle of horseradish which has been drained. Add 1 cup water, cover closely, and cook at a simmering temperature until meat is tender. Turn the pot roast once or twice so that it will cook evenly. Thicken the liquid and add water for gravy, which is a delicious brown horseradish sauce. Serve with boiled noodles topped with buttered crumbs.

BAKED STUFFED TOPSIDE

Two pounds thick topside steak, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1 cup chopped celery, 1 parboiled onion, 1 tablespoon chopped nuts, 1 teaspoon powdered thyme and marjoram, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 teaspoon good beef dripping, salt, pepper, little milk, 1 tablespoon flour, 3 or 4 bacon rashers.

Make pocket in steak and fill with stuffing made from crumbs, beef dripping, celery, onion, nuts, thyme and marjoram, lemon rind, pepper and salt, and milk. Skewer or sew opening. Rub steak with seasoned flour. Place in baking dish with little dripping and cover with bacon rashers and then with greased paper. Cook in moderate oven for 1½ hours.



Soups like Mother used to make

— everything of the best . . . simmered for hours and hours to bring out all the goodness — all the flavour.



16
DELICIOUS
VARIETIES
INCLUDING

Cream of
Mushroom

Cream of
Celery

Bean Soup
with Ham

Chicken
Vegetable

Ox Tail

HEINZ
Perfect SOUPS
READY TO SERVE

ONE OF THE
57
VARIETIES

The Doctor Tells You What to do

FOR "SAFETY FIRST" WHEN TRAVELLING
WITH CHILDREN

PATIENT: Doctor, my husband likes to take us out into the country in the week-ends for fresh air, but my trip is often spoilt because I worry over the children and possible accidents.

Can you suggest some simple precautions so that I can relax and get some benefit from the outings, too?

Doctor: The first precaution I would suggest when car travelling with children is to avoid long trips.

Indeed, if you have youngsters, you can be glad that petrol rationing puts temptation to travel far out of reach.

The lengthy tour that is so much fun to adult members of the family may be a wearying bore to the children.

New sights won't hold their interest continuously, and the chances are they'll be left out of most of the conversation.

Children tire sooner than the adults, and their nerves get on edge more quickly. They are more easily upset by irregular meals and loss of rest.

And accidents are more likely to happen to tired, fidgety children.

When you do take children on a

motor trip, an adult should sit in the back seat with them.

There's less chance then of the restless, bored children "fiddling" with doors or windows or being injured in a sudden stop.

The children will then be less likely, also, to distract the driver's attention by their noisy and boisterous conduct.

Never allow young, curious children to sit in the front seat, where they'll experiment with clutch, brake or other driving instrument.

Keep them in the back seat of the car, accompanied, as I've said, by an adult.

But as they grow older, satisfy their natural curiosity by explaining workings of the car while it is parked.

Plan diversions

WHEN preparing for long motor trips, plan diversions for the children that will keep them out of mischief likely to cause accidents.

Modelling clay, word spelling, and games serve this purpose. Toys shouldn't be small objects they're likely to put in their mouths and swallow accidentally when the car suddenly stops.

Pure water, fruit juice, pure milk, can be taken in thermos jugs, so the child's thirst or hunger won't cause it to be exposed to infected food or



THE DIONNE QUINTUPLETS' urge to play "little mothers" is affording an opportunity for them to learn how to care for younger children—the safe way to handle them, bathe them, dress them. The Quins want to "mother" their little brother, Victor, more than Victor wants to be "mothered." Here two dollies get bathed by (left to right) Marie, Annette, Cecile.

drinks during casual stops along the road.

If the child should suffer a cut or bruise during the trip, don't neglect it.

Breaks in the skin should be cleansed thoroughly with aseptic cotton wet with alcohol from the first-aid kit, and painted with iodine. Don't seal the wound with adhesive plaster. Bruises can be treated with application of cold cloths.

Breaks or sprains should, of course, be treated as soon as possible by a doctor.

Coach model cars—the two-door instead of the four-door style limousines—are preferable for families because there's less chance that a child riding in the back seat will be thrown out should an insecurely-closed door be thrown open.

Such accidents can also happen because children unconsciously toy with door-handles.

Good precaution: link two door-handles with a strap.

The best way for a baby to be carried in a car is in a suspended cradle-hammock.

The parent will then be able to relax and the baby will get more rest; it will be protected from jolts that might cause injuries, and its stomach will be less likely to be upset. Of course, it is highly dangerous to leave the child lying on a seat.

Watch fingers, and careless slamming of doors.

Let the last person entering the car, unless it is a very young child, close the door. When you close the door from the outside look twice for projecting fingers.

If driving, never put the car in motion until you're certain all passengers are safely inside and seated.

For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

Baby's daily routine

REGULARITY of all habits is named as one of the "essentials" for healthy babyhood and for healthy years to follow.

Not only should baby be "fed by the clock" instead of being allowed to make his own times for his meals, but his bath-times, hours of sleep, exercise, &c., should all be arranged for the same times each day.

A regular routine each day soon establishes a "rhythm" in baby's life that not only has a beneficial effect on his bodily health, but also makes for character-building and good mental health.

A leaflet planning a daily routine has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau. A copy will be forwarded free if a request together with a stamped addressed envelope is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

When is a wife no longer a sweetheart?



Don't let underarm odour endanger happiness.
Guard day-to-day charm... with MUM!

MARRIED two years—three years—five! And time, with its joys and problems shared, should make a husband's love grow stronger. But you can't neglect the important little things and hold a husband's love. You must keep dainty, free from any trace of underarm odour. It's wise to make a daily habit of Mum!

For no one likes to mention a fault like underarm odour. Husbands, too often, avoid telling such unromantic truths! Why not be sure you're safe—always dainty and fresh? Remember that your bath removes only past perspiration...

FOUR REASONS WHY MORE WOMEN USE MUM



Another Use for Mum. Use Mum for Sanitary Napkins, as thousands of women do. Then you're always safe, free from worry.



MUM

TAKES THE ODOUR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

"Just look at Freda," said Snap, Crackle and Pop. "There she is, sulking away in the corner because Mummy wouldn't let her go off to school till she'd eaten her breakfast. And THIS is what happens nearly every morning."

"Cheer up," said Soap, Crackle and Pop to Mummy Jones. "We'll soon fix Freda with this plateful of Kellogg's oven-popped rice. Kellogg's Rice Bubbles go Snap, Crackle and Pop when you pour on the milk." No sooner said than done. Freda's tears changed to smiles as soon as she heard all that cute "snap, crackle and popping" on her plate.

Now Freda sits down happily every morning to a big plateful of crunchy golden Kellogg's Rice Bubbles. And this fascinating Snap, Crackle and Pop breakfast is doing her world of good! Remember, Kellogg's Rice Bubbles are overflowing with energising nourishment that every growing youngster needs. They're easily digested, too! Get a packet of these delicious Kellogg's Rice Bubbles from your grocer to-day!

"Rice Bubbles" is a registered trade mark of Kellogg (Australia) Proprietary Limited for its delicious brand of oven-popped rice.

Kellogg's RICE BUBBLES

Exercises designed to give you **SPARKLING EYES**



FIRST LIE DOWN and press the palms and heels of the hands gently over the eyeballs for five to ten minutes or more. The heat from the hands relaxes and rests the eyes. Keep your eyes perfectly still.



WITH QUICK, light, gentle movements, pinch the eyelids to stimulate circulation and to keep the eyelids youthful. Begin from the inner corner of the eyes and work outwards.

● Bewitching eyes are those that sparkle gaily . . . as if stars twinkled in their depths . . . Subtle make-up will help you to acquire such a sparkle . . . so will lots of sleep and good food. But to retain eye beauty and make for health do these simple exercises every day. Your vision will improve, too, as the sparkle in your eyes increases.

By JANETTE



HOLD THE HEAD centre front and let the eyes slowly follow a piece of white paper to the right and then back again to the centre. Repeat ten times.



REPEAT the white-paper exercise, but this time follow the paper to your left, moving your eyes slowly. Then back again to the centre. Repeat at least ten times.

BOUNCING a ball and following its rise and fall should be practised for five minutes every day.



IF YOU have the habit of frowning, prevent wrinkles by putting a cross of adhesive tape between the eyes—this will remind you to keep the forehead smooth.



THE YOUNG LOVELIES of to-day know that beautiful eyes are among their most valued possessions. Lynne Roberts, pretty Fox star above, keeps her eyes sparkling with care and daily exercises.



MORLEY
VELNIT
Slumberwear

Morley's have produced a new wonder fabric—"Velnit" Though it is entirely different from ordinary wool, cotton, or silk, "Velnit" combines the softness and absorbency of wool with the lightness of cotton and the smoothness of silk. It is ideal for sensitive skins.

- Soft and luxurious
- Absorbent yet non-irritating
- Exceptionally hygienic
- Unshrinkable and durable

ASK FOR MORLEY'S "VELNIT"
AT ALL LEADING STORES.

She knows

KIDDIES LOVE ITS
RICH, NUTTY
FLAVOUR



He knows . . .

'CREAMOATA' IS BEST FOR GROWING CHILDREN

Creamoata is rich, sun-ripened oat kernels "sun-toasted" to nutty flavoured perfection by a special patented process that brings out the full flavour of delicious, sun-ripened oats and preserves the natural health giving, body building vitamins and minerals. It's the most energising cereal and also the most prolific source of Vitamins B1 and E. That's why so many doctors and dietitians recommend Creamoata for growing youngsters and nervous, hard working adults. 5 minutes to prepare, 3 large plates cost only 1d.



CREAMOATA
and 'DIMPLE OATIES'

Six people can enjoy
this tasty KRAFT
MAIN COURSE DISH
at only 2^d per head!



**KRAFT NEW REDUCED BUDGET
MENU No. 2**



Clear Brown Soup
Casserole of Mince and Kraft Cheese Kedgerie
Spinach
Lemon Sponge Pie
Coffee

Here's another of Kraft's new economy budget meals. This one will help you to cut down your housekeeping costs. And here's how you can make "Casserole of Mince and Kraft Cheese Kedgerie":
6 oz. shredded Kraft Old English Cheese; 2 cups cooked rice; 1 lb. minced left-over steak; 1 onion; 4 tomatoes; 1 teaspoon Worcestershire Sauce; 1 teaspoon salt; few shakes pepper; 1 pint water or stock; 2 tablespoons flour; 1 pint water or stock; 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, parsley sprigs, lemon slices.

Dice the onion and slice the tomatoes. Heat the dripping in a casserole. Fry the onion lightly. Add the flour and brown well. Add the stock and bring to the boiling point. Season with salt, pepper, chopped parsley, and Worcestershire sauce. Add the meat, rice, half the cheese, and tomato, stirring along the centre. Simmer for 10 minutes. When nearly simmered, add the remaining tomato slices in layers along the centre of the dish. Arrange the remaining shredded cheese around and re-heat for a few minutes. Garnish with lemon slices and sprigs of parsley and serve. Serves 6.

55 FREE. Do you know of a tasty, economical Cheese? It doesn't have to be an "all cheese" dish. Recipes like the Casserole of Mince and Kraft Cheese Kedgerie above will win you 15. Your dish must serve four or more persons for 4d. or less per person.

Here's a grand way to cut down your food bills. Serve Kraft Cheddar Cheese as a main course dish. Cook Kraft Cheddar Cheese with other foods—mince-meat, for instance. When you do this, you get a delicious, nourishing meal for as little as 2d. per person. One 8-oz. packet of Kraft Cheddar Cheese contains all the goodness of four pints of rich, creamy milk. Kraft Cheddar is extra rich in proteins, Vitamin A, milk minerals and the vital calcium which builds strong bones and sound teeth. Kraft Cheddar stays fresh and keeps its creamy deliciousness to the last slice. So get an 8-oz. packet of Kraft Cheddar right away, and start serving these delicious, nourishing main course meals.

DID YOU KNOW
I GIVE 4 PINTS
OF MILK FOR
EVERY 8 OZ. PACKET
OF KRAFT
CHEDDAR?

YES—
THAT'S WHY
KRAFT CHEDDAR
IS EXTRA RICH
IN CALCIUM.



That's a fact! Cheese contains more calcium than any other food. And did you know that lack of calcium causes dental decay, rickets and soft bones? You need the calcium in Kraft Cheddar every day.



FREE

THIS EXCITING BOOK
OF KRAFT RECIPES—"CHEESE AND
WAYS TO SERVE IT."

In Victoria write to Box 1673N, G.P.O.,
in N.S.W., Box 1969V, G.P.O., and
Queensland "Kraft Walker Cheese Co.,"
Brisbane. (Enclose 2d. in stamps for
postage, etc.)

Name _____

Address _____

A78

KRAFT CHEDDAR CHEESE
for tasty main course dishes



"Seven Creeks"

THIS MODERN HOMESTEAD, four miles south of Euroa, Victoria, dates back to 1838 and is the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ian Currie. When he bought the property in 1913 Mr. Currie had the old homestead modernised but retained many of the old features.



Ready in a Moment

Rosella Pork and Beans, so tasty and nourishing—you simply heat and enjoy them for breakfast or lunch. It is indeed a wise housewife who always insists on Rosella and especially Rosella Pork and Beans, or for a change

Rosella Spaghetti with Cheese, Cooked Macaroni, Cooked Sauages and Vegetables.

Rosella

Over 100 Pure Foods



ABOVE: Looking from the swimming-pool set in the middle of green lawns, an avenue of stately cypress takes the eye straight to the distant Strathbogie ranges.

RIGHT: The front porch, which like the windows shown in the top picture is shielded by gaily-striped blinds, looks onto beautiful gardens—vivid herbaceous borders, rockeries, green lawns, shrubbery.

—Photographs on this page by Antoine



ANOTHER VIEW of the house, showing a flagged courtyard. Here cream walls and red-tiled roof contrast with the green shrubbery. A wall fountain with a bronze lion's head set in a panel of mosaic in red, blue, and green is flanked by bamboos growing in tubs.

Famous pastoral home . . .

• More than a hundred years old, this picturesque property, now modernised with cream exterior, red-tiled roof, and gay blinds shielding its many wide windows, is surrounded by most beautiful gardens which look out to distant, misty ranges beyond.

By OUR HOME DECORATOR

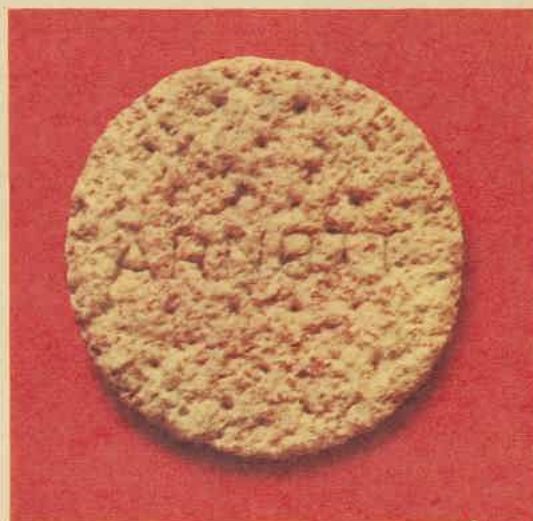
SOLPAH MAGIC



AND IT SAVED HER POUNDS!

Does the linoleum on your kitchen floor look old? New linoleum would cost too much right now, wouldn't it? What can you do? SOLPAH IT! Yes, Solpah right over your old linoleum, and—presto!—you've got a sparkling new kitchen floor. And use Solpah for bathroom floors, for wooden, cement and brick surfaces. Seventeen exciting colours for you to choose from. Solpah wears like iron. Write to Anne Stewart, our expert on Home Decoration, for any personal advice. 75 Mary Street, St. Peters, Sydney, N.S.W.

Arnott's BISCUIT EMERGENCY *Service*



SHREDDED
WHEATMEAL



DIGESTIVE



BUTTER OAT CAKE



Lend to Defend



WHEAT LUNCH

An emergency food must contain the elements essential to nutrition. An outstanding example in nature of a perfectly balanced food is the sun-ripened wheat grain; however it must be complete with nothing removed or its value is lessened.

When converted into attractive foods, delicious in taste, crisp and oven-fresh, they are worthy of serious attention. When in addition they are extremely easy to digest and the most convenient of good things to serve and to carry or store, they become permanent favourites and ideal for any emergency.

Arnott's

WILLIAM ARNOTT PTY.
LIMITED,
HOMEBUSH.

F A M O U S

B I S C U I T S

ALWAYS ASK YOUR GROCER FOR ARNOTT'S—THEY ARE BETTER
THAN EVER!